

The Academy and Literature

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Literary Notes

MR. MARRIOTT-WATSON wishes to know the why and the wherefore of the success of certain books and the failure of others. Many another would like to find an adequate answer to this question, but it is unfortunately one which is "wrop in mystery." Literature, at any rate in this connection, appears to Mr. Marriott-Watson to mean poetry and fiction. This modern view of literature is surely unfortunate and unreal; all written matter may be literature—philosophy, history, theology, the drama, art, criticism, all are literature, and it is sad to see the public so readily taking to the view that it is practically only fiction that counts. When one man in the street asks another "What new books are out?" he refers to novels and to novels only. It is not a healthy sign of the times.

As to this question of success—of "a boom"—there are more kinds of success than one; there are the "popular" and the "literary" success, to go no farther, though it is well to bear in mind that some books "boom" which are both literary and popular—such a work, for example, as "John Inglesant." "Booms"—it is a hideous but expressive word—are practically confined to fiction, and I fancy at the bottom of the question there lies this fact—that all of us are children in our love of a rattling good story; it need not be true to life or deal with any of the problems of human nature, or at any rate deal with them in serious fashion. Books with the many always, and with the few and fit at times, are simply a means to while away a leisure hour, they take the place of the amusing conversation of friends—therefore the story that carries us out of ourselves for the time being, and carries us along with its swing, is the story that will "boom." Dumas was not a great writer, but he was a great story-teller, and his works exactly fulfil the conditions above laid down.

BUT Mr. Marriott-Watson has raised deeper questions than that of the success or the failure of a novel. He asks why there was no "boom" in "Paradise Lost." A stronger point is this, Why in the same age was Cowley accounted a great poet? We of to-day remember Cowley only because of his delightful prose, of which he wrote only too small a quantity. Milton is now—and for ever!—a classic; every man knows his poems by name, and some few of us read them. In his case, his prose affected his public, because of the controversial matters with which it dealt—more deeply than did

his poetry. Now-a-days his prose is too little talked of and far too little read, yet there are some of us who count him a greater master of prose than of verse.



MRS. CLEMENT SHORTER
(Dora Sigerson)

[Photo. J. Caswall Smith, Oxford Street]

BUT surely there is no answer to Mr. Marriott-Watson's question; and it is well to bear this in mind, especially when we read glowing accounts day by day of the rise of new men of genius—that we are not able to pass a final judgment upon our contemporaries, not only writers but artists of every kind, statesmen, politicians and monarchs. With reputation time is the only true test, and the gods of to-day may be the neglected men and women of to-morrow, and we recognise

not the angels-unawares, who are in our midst. All this is trite enough, but, as I have said before, it is wonderfully easy to be oblivious to the obvious. All that we can do with the literature of to-day is to try it by the highest comparative tests, and to interpret, as fairly as we may be able, the meaning of the writer.

MR. GEORGE P. BRETT, of the Macmillan Company, has been discussing the conditions which make or mar a book, as far as commercial success is concerned; and I am glad to find him saying that books of merit eventually find their market, "whether advertised or not." By advertised apparently is meant the fulsome and extravagant advertisements with which too many columns of the American press are filled. "Robert Elsmere," we are told, must have sold in the United States upward of a million copies in editions pirated and other. Mr. Brett sums up with the statement that fiction which is to achieve a lasting success must deal with matters of "perennial human interest." Quite so; if you want to succeed and gain a good name, write a good book! If you are not immediately successful do not repine; your great-great-grandchildren will make a fortune by publishing your letters and writing your memoirs! All this is very hopeful, may be, but scarcely helpful.

MISS DORA SIGERSON (Mrs. Clement Shorter) will probably publish shortly a new volume of short stories, which like her last volume "The Father Confessor" will possess a connecting link, and each tale will be an attempt to elucidate some problem of life.

"THE Independent" (N.Y.) publishes some hitherto unprinted letters of Herbert Spencer, unfortunately not of a very interesting character. In the same issue are some informative "Reminiscences of Edgar A. Poe" by Mrs. Susan Archer Weiss, the writer of a paper in "Scribner's Magazine" of 1878 on the "Last Days of Edgar Allan Poe." I quote two passages:

"Another mistake into which these biographers (none of whom knew Poe personally) have fallen is that of representing him as of a gloomy, morose and melancholy disposition, appropriate to the author of 'The Raven' and 'Lenore.' From all that I have heard of him from those who knew him from his babyhood the reverse was the truth. As a child, unusually bright, merry and joyous, he was the delight of all who saw him; while I have been told by Mr. John Mackenzie, Poe's most intimate friend, as also by Mr. Robert Sully and others, that in every kind of schoolboy frolic and mischief, including 'playing ghost' and robbing apple orchards, Edgar was the leader and the one who most thoroughly enjoyed the fun. Even in after years and under the most adverse circumstances he was not easily depressed; and Mrs. Clemm is my authority for the statement that when at home, in even the dark season at Fordham, he was invariably cheerful and good-natured. Mrs. Osgood gives a pleasant instance of this in her account of a visit to his wife. But it pleases the public to imagine the poet of a character in sympathy with his writings, a mystical and melancholy recluse and haunter of graveyards and lonely tarns and

'The ghoul-haunted regions of Weir,'

while for ever mourning some lost Lenore or Eulalie or Annabel Lee. That this latter poem was in memory of his wife seems a fixed belief in the minds of the public, whereas, by Mr. Poe's own admission to me, it was written some years before her death, and, like most of his poems, lay on his desk for years unfinished and subject to frequent revisions before being published."

"Mr. Poe seems to have been incapable of writing poetry with any sustained effort. Impulsive, erratic, he would soon weary of the task and lay aside the sketchy outlines of his poem, to be filled up, touched and re-touched, until it had reached the state of perfection which his fastidious taste demanded. I was told by Colonel Du Solle—whom I knew about 1869 as assistant editor of the 'New York (Noah's) Sunday Times'—that at one time he had known Poe well in Philadelphia, where the latter had often come to his (Du Solle's) room in the evenings and consulted him and others present about the composition of 'The Raven,' which he was at that time engaged in 'revising' with a view to speedy publication. He would read certain stanzas with which he was dissatisfied, explain his difficulties, and ask their opinion and suggestions as to more suitable words or harmonious rhythm, and he had more than once remarked that he had never found so much difficulty with a poem, and felt inclined to give up the whole thing and throw away the manuscript. 'It was not until years after this,' said Colonel Du Solle, 'that "The Raven" appeared in print.'"

It is to be hoped that sufficient money will be quickly contributed to the fund being raised for a Hawker memorial window in Morwenstow Church. The Restoration Fund also calls for urgent support. The bells have been rehung and a new one—the leading bell—has already been placed to Hawker's memory, with the words inscribed on it from his ballad, "The Silent Tower of Botreaux":

"Come to thy God in time,
Come to thy God at last."

and now it is greatly desired that the window at least may be possible too. Subscriptions should be sent to the Reverend John Tagert, the Vicarage, Morwenstow, Bude, North Cornwall.

A LITTLE volume of "Early Reviews of English Poets," admirably edited by Dr. J. L. Haney, raises again the old questions as to the value of contemporary literary criticisms and the possibility of any definite literary standard. It is easy for us to laugh now at our ancestors and to upbraid them for being blind to the merits of the great writers of the day; it would be well for us to remember that our grandchildren may find subject for mirth in some of the literary judgments of to-day. There are of course, more especially in poetry, certain matters of technique which must be and are observed by good craftsmen; corrupt rhymes are taboo and a sonnet may not consist of seven lines and so forth. But outside these technical matters who shall judge? At any rate, few will differ from Dr. Haney that literary criticism cannot be reduced to an exact science; nor can literature itself; an art cannot be weighed in scientific scales.

BUT Dr. Haney goes too far when he says that criticism can only guide and suggest, but cannot create; therefore allotting to criticism a lowly place. Is literature therefore only high when it creates? What, then, of history? History does not create; it recreates, and yet some of the greatest literary productions are the works of historians. Dr. Haney does not estimate at its true value the literary worth of fine criticism. Again, not seldom the criticism is of far higher literary value than the work criticised.

THE June issue of "Harper's Magazine" will contain a poem by Mr. Swinburne, of considerable length; the title is "The Altar of Righteousness."

THE concert in aid of the rebuilding fund of Lower Brixham church was a great success; 500 guinea seats were sold, which, with the subscriptions received since February 1, reduces the sum necessary for the completion of the church to 800/. Subscriptions should be sent to the Reverend Stewart Sim, Lower Brixham, Devonshire. On behalf of the promoters of the fund I beg leave to thank the many subscribers to this Journal who have so generously responded to the appeal.

THE German Shakespeare Gesellschaft is offering a prize of 30l. for the best account of the arrangements of the stage of the Shakespearean theatre, as shown in the dramas of that time. It is unfortunate that the essays must be written in German. Competitors must send in their work not later than March 15, 1905. Why does not the London Shakespeare League offer a prize for some such essay? Say, "On the Social Customs and Manners of Londoners," as described in Shakespeare's plays?

MR. ALEYN NYALL READE, of Park Corner, Blundell-sands, Liverpool, is privately printing a work on "The Reades of Blackwood Hill," which contains some details concerning Dr. Johnson's connections the Hickmans, the Congleton, Ford and Anderson families, some facts anent Sir James Outram's early days, etc.

MR. W. L. COURTNEY's forthcoming volume, "The Development of Maeterlinck," is a collection of literary essays, dealing mainly with foreign writers. Five or six sections will treat of the development of Maeterlinck from his earliest work to "Joyzelle," and other essays will be on Gorki, Huysmans, Merejkowski, D'Annunzio and other kindred spirits. The point of unity in the volume is that all these writers have much the same outlook upon life, more or less pessimistic, more or less neurotic.

A NEW novel, by Mr. A. St. John Adcock, entitled "In Fear of Man," is to be published by Messrs. Everett & Co. almost immediately. The story moves through something of the squalor of low life and on the fringes of higher society, its hero being a clergyman of aristocratic connections, who, in the days when he is a Socialist curate, loves and marries the daughter of a small shopkeeper. A book of "London Etchings"—a collection of one-scene stories and descriptive sketches, by the same author—will be published by Mr. Elkin Mathews in the autumn.

HERE is the recipe for a lethal chamber for our enemy the bookworm, provided by the winner of the prize offered by the International Congress of Librarians for an essay on that unpopular worm: "Enclose books infested with injurious insects in a wooden box, hermetically sealed, containing a small quantity of sulphide of carbon placed in the top of the box. The books should be so kept for thirty-six hours, a time sufficient to destroy all insects. This substance, unlike chlorine, does not decompose organic substances, and is absolutely harmless to paper and bindings, only the poisonous and inflammable vapours must be handled with care. Among the irritating and poisonous substances the most active are benzine and naphtha, but the effect of these is of short duration because they so quickly evaporate if pure." Which will prove comforting to one and uncomfortable to another sort of bookworm.

AN American writer has perpetrated the following delightful judgment: "Wordsworth, like the President, was a writer"!



CAPTAIN MAHAN
[Photo. Elliott and Fry]

A NEW book of verses by Mr. Owen Seaman will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Constable, and should meet with a warm welcome from the many admirers of this writer's brilliant work.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON has chosen an interesting subject for his next novel, "The Escape of Napoleon from Elba." Splendid figure of romance as was the great Emperor, it is strange that no dramatist or novelist has ever quite succeeded in making him an effective and impressive character, though the late Robert Buchanan came close to doing so in one of the best of his works of fiction.

MISS MONTGOMERY, the author of "The Cardinal's Pawn," will issue through Mr. Fisher Unwin a new romance dealing with Edinburgh and Royalist and Presbyterian intrigues; Major Weir, of the West Bow, will figure largely in the story.

THE paragraphs which have appeared concerning Mr. Bernard Shaw's play for the Irish National Theatre Society have been somewhat inaccurate. Mr. Shaw hopes to put into his piece all that he has to say on the Irish question—in how many acts will it be, twenty or thirty?—and the central figure will be found to be an Englishman in Ireland not, as stated, an Irishman in England. I hope to see the play in London, when the Society next pays us a visit, and if it is only as goodly a piece of work as "Candida" how welcome it will be. It will probably, from what I hear of it, raise controversy.

Bibliographical

THE republication of Hazlitt's "Spirit of the Age" in "The World's Classics" will necessarily have turned the thoughts of many in the direction of the "New Spirit of the Age" which was fathered by R. H. Horne. This, which first saw the light in 1844, has a special interest for a large number because of the familiar fact that Mrs. Browning had something more than a hand in it. What may be called the official statement on this subject is to be found in "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning" (1897), where Mr. F. G. Kenyon writes: "The volumes appeared under Horne's name alone, and he took the whole responsibility; but he invited assistance from others, and in particular used the collaboration of Miss Barrett [as she then was] to no small extent. She did not, indeed, contribute any complete essay to his work, but she expressed her opinion, when invited, on several writers in a series of elaborate letters which were subsequently worked up by Horne into his own criticisms. The secret of her co-operation was carefully kept, and she does not appear to have suffered any of the evil consequences of his indiscretions, real or imagined."

To these consequences Miss Barrett refers in a letter addressed to Robert Browning in May, 1845. She there says of Horne: "Yes—he has been infamously used on the point of the 'New Spirit'—only he should have been prepared for the infamy—it was leaping into a gulph, . . . it was not merely putting one's foot into a hornets' nest, but taking off a shoe and stocking to do it. And to think of Dickens being dissatisfied. To think of Tennyson's friends grumbling!—he himself did not, I hope and trust . . . Mr. Horne is quite above the narrow, vicious, hateful jealousy of contemporaries, which we hear reproached, too justly sometimes, on men of letters." Mr. Kenyon says that Miss Barrett did more than contribute to the notices of contemporaries. She suggested "mottoes appropriate to each writer noticed at length; and in this work she had an unknown collaborator in the person of Robert Browning." Altogether one wonders whether Mr. Richards might not advantageously follow up his revival of the "Spirit" of Hazlitt with a revival of the "New Spirit" of Horne and Mrs. Browning.

Mr. Churton Collins' paper on the poetry of Gerald Massey will do good if it does but induce some people to turn to the pages of the poet's "My Lyrical Life" (2 vols., 1839). Mr. Collins writes enthusiastically, but too much as if he had only now, for the first time, made acquaintance with the products of Mr. Massey's Muse. Had the subject been familiar to him he would, I think, have been happier in his quotations, which only occasionally show the poet at his best. The same thing may be said, unfortunately, of the quotations given by Mr. A. H. Miles in his tribute to Mr. Massey in the "Charles Kingsley to James Thomson" volume of "The Poets and the Poetry of the Century." If Mr. Massey's verse is little known to the "younger generation knocking at the door," the fault is partly his own, for from 1870, when he published "A Tale of Eternity and other Poems," to 1889, when he included some new poems in "My Lyrical Life," his Muse was silent. Moreover, he devoted himself to the production of such publications as "Concerning Spiritualism" (1871), "A Book of the Beginnings" (1881), "The Natural Genesis" (1883), and a number of other such things privately printed.

Mr. Massey, by the way, will live in the literature of Shakespearean criticism as one of the many men who have a theory of their own about the Sonnets. "Shake-

speare's Sonnets Never Before Interpreted" was the modest title of his first book on this topic. Then came "The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets" (1872 and 1890).

It is a pity that the editor of "The Poets and the Poetry of the Century" did not make that work more easy of consultation. One has to remember, to begin with, that the index of authors is at the end of the "Sacred, Moral, and Religious Verse." Then, when one has ascertained the number of the volume in which any particular writer figures, one has to note the subject or scope of the volume as indicated on the binding, for the volumes are not numbered externally (or internally, for that matter). Further, no volume in this series of ten bears the date of its publication—an unpardonable thing. The issue of the series began, I believe, in 1891, and was continued into 1894. The idea of the work was so good that it is a pity it was not more satisfactorily carried out.

Defoe's "Journal of the Plague Year," which Messrs. Newnes are about to add to one of their series, has received a good deal of attention within the last two decades. Henry Morley edited it in 1883, Messrs. Routledge brought out two editions of it in 1886, and Messrs. Bell did the same thing in 1888. Then in 1892 came another issue by Messrs. Routledge, and in 1895 a reprint by Messrs. Dent; followed in 1898 and 1900, respectively, by further editions by those firms.

The latest reproduction of Turner's "Liber Studiorum" has the merit, with others, of being considerably smaller in price than its two immediate predecessors. It may be remembered that Messrs. Blaclie's "Selections" from the "Liber," prefaced by Mr. Wedmore, cost 52s. 6d., while Messrs. Sotheran's facsimile reproduction by the autotype process, with letterpress by Mr. Stopford Brooke, cost 126s. net and 147s. net.

I see that Judge Parry has brought out a story called "England's Elizabeth." This was the title of a play by him and Mr. Louis Calvert which was performed at Manchester just three years ago. Is the story from the play, or was the play from the story? It is getting quite the fashion for authors to base novels on their plays, as well as *vice versa*.

Mr. R. O. Prowse, the author of the new play ("Ina") produced by the Stage Society this week, is already known in the literary world as the author of three works—"The Poison of Asps" (1892), "A Fatal Reservation" (1895), and "Voysey" (1901).

THE BOOKWORM.

Booksellers' Catalogues

THE following booksellers' catalogues have been received, copies of which can be obtained post free on application to the several booksellers:—Mr. Charles Higham, Farringdon Street (*Theological*); Mr. H. H. Peach, Greyfriars, Leicester (*Rare: also MSS.*); Mr. Albert Sutton, Manchester (*Ancient and Modern*); Mr. James Wilson, Birmingham (*General*); Messrs. Henry Sotheran & Co., Strand (*General*); Messrs. Luzac & Co., Great Russell Street (*Persia*); Mr. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford (*Folk Lore and Legends, &c.*); Messrs. Macniven & Wallace, Edinburgh (*Theological*); Mr. Francis Edwards, High Street, Marylebone (*General*); Messrs. A. Maurice & Co., Bedford Street, W.C. (*Miscellaneous*); Messrs. Derry & Sons, Ltd., Nottingham (*Library Bulletin*); Mr. J. Jacob, Edgware Road (*Choice and Rare*).

Forthcoming Books, etc:

Messrs. Methuen issue a new edition of a delightful old book, known briefly as "Paradisi in Sole Paradisus Terrestris; or a Garden of all sorts of Pleasant Flowers," by John Parkinson, who holds the highest place among the herbalists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. All the original illustrations have been carefully reproduced by photography, and the text has been set up page for page and word for word from the edition of 1629. Another reprint will appear on the same date, viz., "The Visions of Dom Francisco de Quevedo Villegas," which has been printed from the edition made for H. Herrington in 1668.—Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. announce that Mr. Ralph Thomas' book on "Swimming: biography, history, bibliography," which has been printing during the last two years, is now in the press, and will be ready in June. The book has 126 illustrations.—The Countess of Cromartie is the author of a volume of Celtic tales which Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. will publish immediately. The story with which the book opens is long and important, and its title, "The End of the Song," is given to the volume.—An important work on Indian sport, by Mr. F. G. Affalo, will be published immediately by Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son, under the title of "The Sportsman's Book of India."—Messrs. Black are publishing an edition of "The Lady of the Lake," with a series of illustrations in colour and black and white.—We are requested to state that the "National Review," beginning with the June number, will be published by the proprietor (Mr. L. J. Maxse) at his own office, viz., No. 23, Ryder Street, St. James' Street, London, S.W., where henceforward all communications should be addressed.—The new volume, to be issued by Mr. Elliot Stock, of the "Gentleman's Magazine Library," which will be published immediately, will contain the first instalment of the section on London, and will comprise the matter on the City proper. Two more volumes on "London" will be issued shortly, which will complete the topographical section and also the entire series.—The extra volume of "A Dictionary of the Bible," edited by Dr. James Hastings and Dr. John Selbie, will be published next month by Messrs. T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh. It will include indices to the whole of the five volumes, extending to over 190 pages. The maps of this extra volume are a special feature. They have been prepared under the direct supervision of Professor W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., and Professor Buhl.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Stanyon, M.A. (J. Sandys), The Eternal Will.....(Allenson) net 2/6
 Lévi (Israel), edited by, The Hebrew Text of the Book of Ecclesiasticus (Leiden: Brill)
 Walker (T. H.), Clerical Cameos.....(Inglic Ker) 1/6
 Amos (A.) and Hough (W. W.), edited by, The Cambridge Mission to South London.....(Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes) net 2/6
 Peoples, M.A. (The Rev. W.), Roman Claims in the Light of History (Walker) net 1/0
 Jefferson (Pastor C. E.), Things Fundamental.....(Brown, Langham) 6/0

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Dunlop (Geoffrey A.), In Lonely Dreaming.....(Gay & Bird) net 2/0
 Thring (Edward), translated into English verse by, The Agamemnon of Æschylus.....(Constable) net 10/6
 Watts (Frank), Verses.....(Bristol: F. Watts) 0/6
 Tourgueniev (Ivan), translated by T. W. Rolleston, Don Quixote and Hamlet: a Critical Essay.....(Dublin: Sealy, Briers & Walker) 1/6
 The Parma Rosebud and Other Poems.....(Skeffington) net 1/6
 Anspacher (Louis K.), Tristan and Isolde: A Tragedy (New York: Brentano) 3/6
 Legge (Arthur E. J.), Land and Sea Pieces: Poems.....(Lane) net 3/6
 Poets' Corner: A Book of Verses for Children.....(Arnold) 1/0

History and Biography

- Grant (Mrs. Colquhoun), translated by, The French Noblesse of the XVIII. Century, from Les Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy, 1834 (Murray) net 12/0
 Deesche (Prof. W.), translated by H. A. Nesbitt, M.A., Italy: A Popular Account of the Country, its People, and its Institutions (Sonnenchein) 15/0
 Hanna (Col. H. B.), The Second Afghan War, 1878-79-80. Vol. II. (Constable) net 15/0
 Doughty (A. G.) and Dionne (N. E.), Quebec Under Two Flags (Quebec News Company) net \$2.50
 Duncan (Wm.), Life of Joseph Cowen (M.P. for Newcastle, 1874-86) (Walter Scott) 3/6

Science and Philosophy.

- Truman, A.M., Ph.D. (Nathan E.), Maine de Biran's Philosophy of Will.....(Macmillan)

Art

- Ricketts (C. S.), The Prado and its Masterpieces.....(Constable) net 105/0
 Royal Academy Pictures, Part 2.....(Casell) net 1/0
 Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon.....(Chatto & Windus) 3/0
 Pinnington (Edw.), Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.....(Walter Scott) 3/6
 Great Masters, Part XV.....(Heinemann) net 5/0

Travel and Topography

- Gibbons, F.R.G.S. (Major A. St. H.), Africa from South to North through Marotsland, in 2 vols.....(Lane) net 32/0

Educational

- Foster, M.A. (V. Le Neve), Examples in Geometrical Drawing (Eton: College Press)
 Housaye (H.), edited by G. H. Clarke, M.A., La Bataille de Waterloo.....(Black) 0/8
 Fraser (Mrs. J. G.), with notes by F. B. Kirkman, B.A., Petites Comedies.....(Black) 0/9
 Smith, M.A. (The Rev. J. Gregory), The Study of Greek (Oxford: Parker) 0/6

Miscellaneous

- Smart (Wm.), The Return to Protection.....(Macmillan) net 5/0
 Brotherton (R. P.), The Book of the Carnation.....(Lane) net 2/6
 Holland (A. W.), edited by, The Oxford and Cambridge Yearbook, Part 1, Oxford.....(Sonnenchein) net 3/6
 Step, F.L.S. (Edward), Wayside and Woodland Trees.....(Warne) 6/0
 Smith (A. Mervyn), Sport and Adventure in the Indian Jungle (Hurst & Blackett) net 7/6
 Peel (Mrs. C. S.), The Single-Handed Cook: More Recipes (Constable) 3/6
 Simpson, F.Z.S. (A. Nicol), Keeping a Dog.....(Dawbarn & Ward) 0/6
 Thompson (Ella), Botany Rambles, Part II., In the Summer (Horace Marshall) 1/0
 Gasquet, O.S.B., D.D. (Abbt.), English Monastic Life.....(Methuen) net 7/6
 Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology (Washington: Government Printing Office)
 United States Geological Survey, Irrigation Paper Nos. 80-87, and Professional Paper Nos. 9-10, 13-15 (Washington: Government Printing Office)
 Reich (Dr. Emil), Success among Nations.....(Chapman & Hall) net 10/6
 Taylor, M.R.C.S. (J. Lionel), Aspects of Social Evolution: Temperaments.....(Smith, Elder) 7/6
 Maskell (H. P.), Recollections of Emanuel School (Endowed Schools Office) 1/6
 Picton (Nina), The Panorama of Sleep (New York: Philosophic Company) cloth \$1.00, leather \$2.00
 Handbook of the Horniman Museum.....(County Council) 0/1

S.P.C.K. Publications

- St. Cyprian on the Lord's Prayer, an English translation by the Rev. T. Herbert Bindley, D.D..... 1/6
 The Country Parson's Sister: Notes on Parish Work..... 1/6
 Marvels in World of Light, by the Very Rev. Dean Ovenden, D.D..... 2/6
 Recent Attacks on the Faith, by the Rev. John Wakeford, B.D..... 0/3
 The Eighteenth Canon: An Address, by the Rev. H. Housman, B.D..... 0/1
 Pictorial Life of Our Lord..... 0/2
 Pictorial Parables of Our Lord..... 0/2
 Pictorial Miracles of Our Lord..... 0/2

Fiction

- "Glencairly Castle," by Horace G. Hutchinson (Smith, Elder), 6/0;
 "Isabel Broderick," by Alice Jones (Lane), 6/0; "Brothers: the True History of a Fight against Odds," by Horace Annesley Vachell (Murray), 6/0; "Nyria," by Mrs. Campbell Praed (Unwin), 6/0;
 "Olive Latham," by E. L. Voynich (Heinemann), 6/0; "The Letters Which Never Reached Him" (Nash), 6/0; "Cap'n Eri," by Joseph C. Lincoln (Appleton), 6/0; "I: In which a Woman tells the Truth about Herself" (Appleton), 6/0; "The Lady in Sables," by G. W. Appleton (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; "Naughty Nan," by John Luther Long (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "The Peradventures of Private Pagett," by Major W. P. Drury (Chapman & Hall), 3/6; "Veronica," by Martha W. Austin (Isbister), 6/0; "Daughters of Nijo," by Onoto Watanna (Macmillan), 6/0; "The Veil of the Temple," by W. H. Mallock (Murray), 6/0; "The Romance of a Lonely Woman," by C. E. Playne (Unwin), 6/0; "A Woman of Business," by Major Arthur Griffiths (Long), 6/0; "The Lonely Church," by Fergus Hume (Long), 6/0; "Malcourt Keep," by Adeline Sergeant (Long), 6/0; "The Red Window," by Fergus Hume (Digby, Long), 6/0; "Provenzano the Proud," by Evelyn Clifford (Smith, Elder), 6/0; "Unawares!" by Clifford Moray (Gardner), 3/6; "Garmiscath," by J. Storer Clouston (Blackwood), 6/0; "A Great Man," by Arnold Bennett (Chatto & Windus), 6/0.

Reprints and New Editions

- Macmillan: "Poems of Thomas Campbell," selected by Lewis Campbell, net 2/6; "The English Humourists," by W. M. Thackeray, 3/6.
 Lane: "Omoo," by Herman Melville, net, cloth 1/6, leather 2/0.
 Constable: "Cardigan," by Robt. W. Chambers, net 2/6.
 Methuen: "Tom Brown's Schooldays," by Thomas Hughes, net 2/6.
 Brown, Langham: "Mosses from an Old Manse," in 2 vols., by Nathaniel Hawthorne, each net 1/6.
 Aetolat Press: "Quaker Grey: Some Account of the Forepart of the Life of Elizabeth Ashbridge," net 2/6.
 Allenson: "Thoughts on Prayer," by Dr. W. Boyd Carpenter, Lord Bishop of Ripon, net 1/0.
 Simpkin, Marshall: "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám," translated by Edward Fitzgerald, 0/1.
 Bell: "Beaumont and Fletcher," variorum edition, Vol. I., net 10/6.
 Dent: "Peckaniff's Proposal: a Sketch," and "The Villain of the Piece: a Comedietta," adapted by I. M. Pagan, each net 0/9.

Sixpenny Reprints

- Seeley: "Winchester Meads," by Emma Marshall.
 Unwin: "Lisa of Lambeth," by W. Somerset Maugham.

Periodicals

- "Library World," "Animals' Friend," "University Extension Journal," "Printseller and Collector," "Casell's History of the Russo-Japanese War, Part IV," "University Studies," "Indian Antiquary," "Cosmopolitan," "Yorkshire Notes and Queries," "Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal" (8 parts and 5 numbers), "Imperial Review," "North American Review," "University Record" (Chicago), "Art."

Foreign

Periodicals

- "L'Occident," "Dr. A. Petermanns Mitteilungen" (50 Band), "La Vérité sur le Congo."

Reviews

The Masterpieces of the Prado

THE PRADO AND ITS MASTERPIECES. By C. S. Ricketts.
With 54 Photogravures. (Constable. 105s. net.)

IT is strange that the picture gallery which by common consent is "the finest in the world" should have received but little attention at the hands of English book-writers upon art. Essays innumerable there are, no doubt, scattered among guide-books, picturesque tours, and volumes of criticism; and one or two publications, sumptuous and expensive, have appealed to the man of means—the man of the huge bookcase. But the ordinary reader is still thrown back on Viardot's "Musées d'Espagne" of half a century ago, on the very untrustworthy "Revue des Musées d'Espagne" by Lavice—a book already forty years old—and on a few other volumes of that nature. Not that, from one point of view, remoteness of publication would be of much account—save for the advance in criticism—for the gallery is not a growing one like the other great collections of Europe, but has maintained its position in virtue of the unsurpassable masterpieces it has contained for generations past; and not through any attempt at that completeness in the representation of the achievements and history of painting which it is the object of modern national galleries to effect. Time does not exist for Madrid, apparently, in the matter of art; such, at least, I judge to be the case, in spite of the energetic Madrazo régime, for when, not long ago, I sent to Spain for the latest catalogue of the collection, I received the "Fifth Edition," dated 1885.

The appearance, then, of a volume by Mr. Charles S. Ricketts, superbly illustrated and nobly printed, is an event of real importance. Mr. Ricketts has a rare combination of gifts for this or any other artistic task. An admirable draughtsman, a wood-engraver who has steeped himself in the spirit of the early Italians, a printer who has made his "Vale Press" famed and honoured throughout the world, a painter of great dignity of conception in design, with a fine eye for rich yet subtle and restrained colouring; he is a man of originality and intellectuality, and of that wide catholicity of taste which can appreciate the good in everything, and can praise Velasquez and Holbein without sneering at Rubens, and worship Titian while hailing the genius of Goya. As we read we are struck by the fearlessness of the writer, as well as by the acumen of his insight, and we recognise in this splendid volume a really valuable addition to the literature of art; for, although he supports his views by the tests of technique, he occupies higher ground in dealing with the art and the humanity of the great painters in the Prado.

Thus, although Mr. Ricketts omits all details of the growth of the collection, and although he confines himself to those artists and those pictures which mainly interest him, the importance of this critical monograph is not to be mistaken. We may overlook certain obscurities of expression such as this: "One of the curious facts about the Spanish School is that to a close outlook upon Nature it added a quality of gravity, not to say austerity, that it saw Nature more sadly than it saw it whole—therein lies the strength of Ribera and Zurbaran" (page 12); or this: "It is perhaps truer symbolically than actually that Mr. Ruskin destroyed a copy of the 'Caprichos.'" As a rule, how-

ever, Mr. Ricketts writes with lucidity and charm, and with the knowledge and sincerity that convince and delight the reader. Moreover, he has an epigrammatic power of definition which can touch off a career or a character in a sentence. For example, we are told that Manet "approached art and nature as if the eye was without memory"; that Watteau was "the last of the inventive artists in the great Venetian tradition of holiday time"; that David, "as an artist, had the mind of a policeman"; and that Tiepolo was "less a poet than the stage-manager of poetic effects." Each of these statements shows acceptable acuteness, and we are satisfied to follow the writer, and to ignore with him the great mass of the pretentious pictures which he declines to discuss, as being "the 'important' work of unimportant persons."

Although the book is not without cohesion, it gives the impression of consisting, in part at least, of isolated essays on the art of Spain, Italy, and Flanders. Indeed, we find the same sentences repeated in different chapters. For example, on page 14, and again on page 61, we find Goya spoken of as being at "the most conservative of courts, and in the shadow of the Inquisition itself"; and on page 14 and again on page 60 we are told that he shares with Constable the credit of being first to revolt against the conventionalism that oppressed the art of their day. Yet the illuminating criticisms of Mr. Ricketts are irresistible as he pursues the development of his ideas throughout the volume. He deals generally with the contents of the Prado, and with the Spanish School from its birth down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, giving special attention to the art of Velasquez, Murillo and Goya. He proceeds with the Italian schools, devoting an enthusiastic chapter to Titian, whose art is so superbly represented in the Prado, and to the Flemish School, and the culminating masterpieces of Rubens and Van Dyck.

In chapters such as these it would be strange if so original and independent a critic as Mr. Ricketts were to raise no points of controversy, no statements of fact immune from challenge; it is proof of the suggestiveness of his writing. But into these I have no space to enter. He is certainly correct in maintaining against Sir Walter Armstrong that the portrait of Dürer by himself in the Prado is the original, and that the other in the Uffizi is the copy. He is probably right in identifying in "Saviour, Virgin and St. John," hitherto attributed to Hubert van Eyck, an adaptation by Mabuse. And he is happy in the suggestion that Petrus Christus is "the link" between Jan van Eyck and Antonello da Messina. But he is wrong in calling Rubens' study from Titian's "Adam and Eve" a "copy." It is no more a copy than Rubens' variant on Mantegna's "Triumph of Julius Caesar" in the National Gallery, and Van Dyck's variant on Rubens' "Emperor Theodosius," also in Trafalgar Square, are copies. The fact is that in making his exercise from Titian's exquisite canvas, Rubens altered so greatly that his "improvements" have changed the balance of the composition, and have brought to the suavity of line and form of Titian a puffiness of flesh and lumpiness of limb which are wholly and inalienably Rubens'. And again, Mr. Ricketts is mistaken when he says, in respect of Antonio Moro's portrait of "Queen Mary," that the lady holds a rose. It is not the rose of England that Queen Mary holds, but a pink—the expressive symbol so popular in those days, mainly with

Flemish and German painters, that we can see in Dürer's "Madonna" at Augsburg, and in half a hundred other famous pictures which could easily be mentioned. Mr. Ricketts sets Velasquez above Reynolds and Gainsborough as a painter of children, on the main ground that the Spaniard represents better the natural gravity of the wondering child. There is doubtless some truth in the contention; but the writer seems to make no allowance for racial characteristics: for gravity is inborn in the Spanish child, and sprightliness and playfulness mark the sitters of the northern painters.

The numerous plates, large and small, are admirably selected, and are, for the greater part, well reproduced. One or two, however, are far too black to represent fairly the tonality of the originals. But most of the lesser known masterpieces are happily well done—including Rubens' "Rondo" and Van Dyck's "Betrayal of Christ"—and that is matter for real satisfaction. It is unfortunate that no attempt has been made to draw up a list of the finest works in the gallery—there was no need to include the whole 2,200 items in the catalogue—and it is more than a pity that no index rounds off the volume, which ends with curious abruptness.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

For the Coming Time

THE RELIGION OF THE UNIVERSE. By J. Allanson Picton, M.A. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

THIS volume is "reverently inscribed" by the author "to the memory of Herbert Spencer, the first true reconciler of religion and science." We cannot imagine a treatise on the Higher Pantheism more admirably done. The author is a scholar and intimate with modern philosophy and science. During his long and valuable career he has gained great ripeness of thought, which has enabled him to turn his profound knowledge of the great in literature to the very best account. There is nothing of the amateur about this book. The only subject which the author does not seem to know at first hand is the Pāli tongue—and this we gather only because he is careful to tell us so. The book is most seriously to be recommended to anyone who desires a dignified and impressive statement of what is most obviously the religion of the coming time. Yet Mr. Picton will not give up the name of Christian, and advances good reasons for retaining it, whilst renouncing equally the belief in the supernatural and the doctrine of materialism: against each of which the wisdom of our time is moving with what can hardly prove to be less than overwhelming force.

Herbert Spencer's doctrine of the Unknowable provided him with a reconciliation between religion and science. He asserted, indeed, that there never can be any antagonism between religion and science, but only between superstition and science. True science and true religion must meet, he said, in the recognition of that Infinite Power of which mind and matter are the manifestations to us. There he left the matter, save for one sublime thought—the greatest ever conceived by that great mind. The choice is not, he said, between a personal God and something lower, but between a personal God and something higher. The Eternal may be "a mode of being as much transcending Intelligence and Will as these transcend mechanical motion." This, verily, is the "Higher Pantheism." Mr. Picton, building on this foundation, has given us a really ennobling and magnificent conception of this supreme creed. No one but the child now believes in the Artificer-God who is outside the Universe. The theologians have often taught us to

conceive of a God immanent in the Universe—only unfortunately they cannot consistently keep up to the level of this conception. The believer in a personal God has very rarely, if ever, inquired into the meaning of personality. If he did, he might find that the attribution of personality to the Eternal is hardly less gross a piece of anthropomorphism than a thousand others of the past. Yet the time will come—and the reading of Mr. Picton's book, with its deep religious feeling and fine temper, leads us to believe that the day may be at hand—when men come to see that the Eternal of whom our little personalities are manifestations, cannot assuredly be less than personal, whilst to say that he is not more is to ascribe to him our own limitations. The objector may say that he cannot form a "clear and distinct idea"—to use the Cartesian phrase—of the Supra-personal. Perhaps the answer that the Eternal is Unknowable may not satisfy such an objector: yet doubtless he would accept it in other words, when those words are St. Paul's: "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out." There is no such great difference between "unsearchable" and "unknowable."

Mr. Picton appears to us to have spent unnecessary attention upon commentators such as Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bradley and Mr. Mallock; but doubtless he felt that, if it was worth while to notice them at all, it was worth doing well; and assuredly he has done it well. As to the extraordinary caricature of the doctrine of the Unknowable which Mr. Bradley has perpetrated in "Appearance and Reality," that brilliant word-juggler will surely find cause to regret it. And not only to him, but to all others who think that to call the Unknowable "(x)" to solve the mystery of the Cosmos, or throw light upon any hidden matter, we may recommend Mr. Picton's footnote: "Reverence and susceptibility to pain at desecration of what we revere is not in these times confined to orthodox Christians." It would be a dire prospect for the world if it were. But we will desist—that we may re-read Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey." It is good to know bed-rock when you see it; and having seen it to stay there.

C. W. SALEEBY.

The Duke Again

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE FIRST DUKE OF WELLINGTON, WITH SKETCHES OF SOME OF HIS GUESTS AND CONTEMPORARIES. By the late George Robert Gleig, M.A., Chaplain-general to Her Majesty's Forces. Edited by his daughter, Mary E. Gleig. (Blackwood. 15s. net.)

THESE reminiscences, written by the well-known author of "The Subaltern," and dedicated to the present Duke, are bound to be interesting. The Rev. Mr. Gleig was for a number of years an intimate friend of the Duke's, though apparently estranged from him towards the close of his life. He had many opportunities of seeing the great man's strength and weakness, and was by no means a blind hero-worshipper. His records, though put together in a gossiping, unsystematic way, harmonise with the picture drawn in Lord Ellesmere's reminiscences. In view of recent controversy about Sir John Moore, it is interesting to note Wellington's comment on that general: "his defect was, that he did not know what his men could do." This probably refers to Moore's forced night marches in the retreat to Corunna, and seems to support Mr. Oman's view, that such haste was unnecessary. Equally characteristic is the Duke's criticism on Jomini's views as to tactics. "His preference of columns of attack to lines is a great error. Columns cannot fight."

The volume is mostly taken up with particulars of the Duke's life at home, and his political views, which to the later world are of less permanent interest than his military career. It is curious to note Mr. Gleig's view that so rigid a conservative, in many ways, as Wellington was an opportunist in politics, and though he had a strong sense of loyalty to persons, cared little for traditional principles or party creeds.

Many of the guests at Apsley House, Strathfieldsaye, and Walmer Castle are described, and all with a kindly touch. Mr. Gleig seems to have been overflowing with kindness to all men, and his views of well-known persons are taken persistently from the most favourable point of view. Croker is vindicated from some of the strictures passed upon him; but the general impression given of him is hardly pleasant. In the account of Sir Robert Wilson, it is said that "he did not shine as an independent leader of men." Surely the reverse is true; Wilson only did well when independent, as he always contrived to quarrel with his superior officers and carry out his views rather than theirs.

Of the Duke's private life there are a few details, not especially new, but interesting. His sense of duty, exacting as regards himself and intolerant as regards others, is the characteristic that stands out in nearly all the stories of him. His wife forfeited his confidence by concealing an engagement to another man, which she broke off to accept him, and completely alienated him by running into debt without his knowledge. Equally characteristic is his intolerance of opposition, which was as marked, though not as violent, as Napoleon's. Generally in the right in Portugal and Spain, frequently in the wrong in England, he invariably offended his opponents in controversy by revealing his contempt for them.

A most interesting memorandum by the Duke on the Russian War of 1812 is appended to Mr. Gleig's book. Wellington's view as to the cause of Napoleon's failure is that it was the same as in Spain; the French tried to invade a country poor, thinly populated and actively hostile, on the plan that had been successful with rich, populous and passive districts. It is curious that in discussing the battle of Borodino, the Duke censures Napoleon for not adopting Davout's proposed flank attack, but omits entirely to discuss the Emperor's refusal to put in the Guard.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

A Partial View

DOLLARS AND DEMOCRACY. By Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart. (Appleton. 5s. net.)

THE Englishman writing his experiences of America cannot quite free his mind from a certain inherited and patronising criticism of transatlantic commercialism. England blames the trading instincts of her sons. And this is the more remarkable because just now England with uplifted voice is proclaiming that her rights as a nation of shopkeepers are seriously threatened. Wherefore this snobbery: this standing behind the counter all day and posing as Lord Broadacres at night? Sir Philip Burne-Jones sees much to comment upon during his year's sojourn in the United States; but he writes of America at Play; not, as Mr. Fraser, of America at Work. Let the book tell its own story.

The famous elevated railroad:

"Imagine a long unlovely street of the type of Edgware Road, with a screeching, reeking train on lofty iron stilts running every few seconds overhead on a level with the first-floor windows."

Of skyscrapers:

"Towering far above the steeples, these houses of business reduce to insignificance the houses of worship. Can it be that they are silent comment by the modern American man of affairs on the relative importance which he attaches to the worship of God and mammon?"

The yellow press, objectionable because

"of the form in which it presents its wares, ingeniously seasoned to suit the vitiated palates of its patrons . . . (filled with) false news and lies of every possible description . . . on Sundays they take a fresh and terrible lease of life . . . their bulk is suddenly quadrupled, and the homes of New York are devastated with tons of trash."

Theatres:

"I never felt inclined to go alone, and my small experience of the serious drama in America was not encouraging . . . the public are so easily pleased, it is really touching."

Smart set:

"In England a duke may have an income of no more than 1,000*l.* a year, but 'a duke's a duke for a' that.' It is reserved for New York to boast a society (which might well be spelled with a big S) the component elements of which depend for their position solely upon their banking account. . . . It is instructive to watch the eagerness with which members of this mushroom 'society,' who have already 'arrived' and who are experiencing for the first time in their lives the sweets of the power to snub, try to exclude other aspirants. . . . It is all so like a burlesque of our own London society."

Hustling:

"And how they talk of money! . . . They seem to have no time left . . . to enjoy the money when it is made. . . . One hears of men in the prime of life . . . dying prematurely as a direct result of this frantic application to business. . . . The women find no difficulty in spending the money their fathers and husbands have spoiled their lives in acquiring. . . . America is a land for women, they are queens of the situation."

And of women:

"There seems to be no serious basis of life for them at all, and amusement and pleasure are the sole aims of existence . . . among our own leisured classes they have politics at least to fall back upon."

Which reminds one of the story of the man who asked an American if there were no "leisured classes" in America. "Oh yes," was the reply; "but we call them tramps."

In conclusion, an interesting if not very impartial addition to the bibliography of the land of Dollars.

Friend of all the World

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI ACCORDING TO BROTHER THOMAS OF CELANO. His descriptions of the Seraphi Father A.D. 1229-1257. With a Critical Introduction containing a description of every extant Version by the Rev. H. G. Rosedale, D.D. (Dent. 12s. 6d. net.)

PERHAPS it is only a symptom of the universal rhythm of life that an age of hitherto unexampled material prosperity and a society that worships comfort should turn its eye with a sentiment compounded of sympathy and compassion upon the devoted spouse of Poverty. The complexity of modern life implies a perpetual threat of disturbance; so that the sense of the possibility of a frank return to nature seems for the moment to uplift

a burden of the ever-threatening danger, to furnish armour against a menace.

And to the people of England the saint appeals on another and more amiable side. Probably the one thing that everybody knows about St. Francis is that he preached to the birds. It is the radiant glee of the saint who called the birds "my sisters" that appeals to readers of Wordsworth and the owners of the miniature cemetery beside the Bayswater Road, and the men who weep with rapture over the grace and prowess of a racehorse. Who can withstand the charm of the man who pleaded for mildness to the fiercest of the elements, called in by the barbarous surgery of the time to heal his eyes?—"Brother Fire, the Most High hath made thee supreme among His glorious works, hath endowed thee with use and beauty. Be thou kindly to me in this hour; bring healing; for ever have I loved thee in the Lord. I beseech the great Lord, who made thee, now to assuage thy heat that I may be able to bear thy gentle burning."

This handsomely furnished volume comprises three several works of which in his introduction Mr. Rosedale gives a critical account. The first, "*Legenda Gregorii*," is the official history of the saint written by command of Pope Gregory IX. and forwarded to him in 1229. Of the nine copies which are generally accessible, the purest, according to Mr. Rosedale's judgment, is that which is preserved in the British Museum (Harl. 47); and of this the present editor ventures even to throw out for the consideration of experts the question, "May not this MS. have been the original writing of Thomas of Celano?" The "*Legenda Antiqua*," the second member of the trilogy, is an appendix written at the command of the Minister-General of the Order. Until of late years it was supposed to be the only work of Thomas besides the document previously mentioned. But the allusions of various authors to a "*Vita Secunda*" were not always satisfactorily accounted for by a reference to the "*Legenda Antiqua*," and in 1898 M. Paul Sabatier noticed in the library at Assisi, in a certain MS., a page which bore no relation to the other sheets. This after careful study he divined to be a fragment of the true "*Tractatus Secundus*" written in 1257 by Thomas of Celano; and a few years later his conjecture was confirmed by the discovery, in the library of the late Prince B. Boncompagni, of a fourteenth-century MS. which proved to be the missing work.

The first thirty-nine folios are found not to be, as at first sight they seem, a repetition of the "*Legenda Antiqua*": whole chapters are omitted, together with the little moralities with which, in writing for his brethren, Thomas had adorned his narrative; and whole chapters are inserted. The chief value of the work lies in the thirty-five pages following, which comprise a complete tractate on the Miracles for which requisition was made by John of Parma, Minister-General from 1247 to 1257.

In Mr. Rosedale's book for the first time these three works are brought together between the same boards. Thomas was one who had had personal experience of the healing power of this friend of all the world, he enjoyed the confidence of the saint, and, by his own account, was present with him during his last sickness. The question how far he is to be relied upon as a historian is, of course, a subject of rather warm controversy; but when the little peculiarities of his Latin are mastered, he is, at any rate, a charming narrator. The students of Franciscan sources throughout the world are laid under a debt of gratitude to Mr. Rosedale for his excellent and scholarly work.

The Study of Comparative Literature

HISTOIRE DES LITTÉRATURES COMPARÉES. DES ORIGINES AU XX^e SIÈCLE. Par Frédéric Loliée. (Delagrave.)

To this book, which belongs to a series entitled "*L'évolution historique des littératures*," M. Octave Gréard of the French Academy, who died suddenly recently, contributes a preface in which he aptly describes Loliée's work as an intellectual and moral history of humanity.

The study of comparative literature which has become almost a craze in France, America, England and Germany—in that order have the nations taken it up—has its ethical as well as its critical uses. It helps to inculcate modesty in nations, for it seeks to prove that civilisation is not a work belonging to any special time, or of necessity to any special nation, since all, even the least important, contribute something, even conquered nations influencing in a certain degree their conquerors, so that there has always been a constant interchange of ideas. The study also helps to propagate ideas of tolerance, peace and moral harmony.

Perhaps the most interesting and instructive part of Loliée's book is the conclusion. After noting in the earlier chapters all the literary movements that have occurred in the world, beginning with Egypt and coming down to our own time, he ably sums up the lasting results of the work of each, and dwells on the unity of the physiognomy of literary epochs. He declares, moreover, that all nations are being gradually brought into the same circle of life: therein lies the great sign of the times, and the advance of cosmopolitanism and internationalism will change the spirit of literature. The prophecy fills us with alarm. The loss of originality and individualism involved in such a change would be a dire disaster for art. But we are inclined to take a hopeful view, for racial characteristics and the peculiar genius of language have a way of persisting through the most adverse circumstances. Loliée himself feels this, for after quoting Charles V.'s saying that we should speak Spanish with God, French with our friends, German with our enemies, and Italian with women, he proceeds to comment on the different languages. English, with its grammatical simplicity, with its brevity, has produced the best political eloquence of the modern world; it is the vehicle of good sense, strength in thought, and energy in expression. German, with its infinite profusion of terms, its extraordinary facility in creating words, helps the passion of the people for translating and assimilating everything, and has made Germany the classical ground of history of all kinds, and the territory *par excellence* of philosophic abstraction. Italian, with its melodious softness, suits the brilliant but superficial genius of the country; whereas Spanish, with its warm tints and sonorous harmony, is the right means of expression of the nation's profound originality. French, so supple and so lucid, is the natural medium for conversation, for the clear and prompt communion of ideas, and combined with the nation's love for beautiful language has produced the long array of fine prose-writers who have so deeply influenced the whole of European literature.

Such generalisations are very attractive but they need careful examination, and should not too hastily be permitted to become a creed. The study of comparative literature is in some measure a fresh departure in criticism, and can be pursued in several ways. Foreign literatures may be compared with our own literature in a general fashion, or individual authors or groups of authors may be compared or contrasted, or as in Texte's

"Rousseau et le Cosmopolitisme Littéraire" the influence of one author on all the nations may be demonstrated. But whichever method is adopted, the critic must have read extensively, and possess wide sympathies and psychological insight. It is not so easy as it looks to write a critical essay (in the sense of a contribution to the study of comparative literature) on Heine and Musset. Even Professor Betz, of Zürich, whose premature death at the age of forty-two last January we all deplore, did not quite succeed there. It behoves those who are taking up the subject to walk warily and without undue haste. To them Loliée's assistance must be invaluable.

Fiction

THE BINDWEED. By Nellie K. Blissett. (Constable, 6s.) It is not so very long since the civilised world was horrified by news of the atrocious murder of the King and Queen of Servia, and now, under the thin veil of a change of names, their tragic history is served up in the form of a novel. No doubt the authoress is perfectly justified in seizing on this "over true tale" for her plot, since it is part of the world's history, and therefore the world's property. She has moreover handled her material with considerable skill, but still, one has an uneasy feeling in perusing these pages that the blood staining those palace walls has scarcely had time enough to dry; that those two mangled corpses have scarcely been laid in their graves sufficiently long, for their story to make comfortable reading in novel form. We can weep over imaginary griefs, smile at fictitious joys, shudder pleasantly at invented horrors, but when we know the griefs and joys are real, the horrors not figments of imagination, but actual tragedies, which filled our newspaper columns not many months past, and made Europe realise, with unpleasant suddenness, that her veneer of civilisation was so thin in places that passions and brutalities worthy of the darkest of the dark ages could break through and stain their twentieth-century record, well, then—one feels that perhaps the sad and blood-stained story of the last of the unhappy Obrénovics dynasty might have been left a little longer untouched by the hand of the professional story-teller. Still, that is a matter of individual taste, and Miss Blissett's book is well written and interesting.

ENGLAND'S ELIZABETH. By His Honour Judge E. A. Parry. (Smith, Elder, 6s.) The title of Judge Parry's novel, although it sounds a trifle ambitious, will give book-sellers a true impression of "what the book is about." For "England's Elizabeth" is less an attempted historical novel than a partly-fictional biography of Elizabeth and Dudley down to the date of Amy Robsart's death. A certain Matthew Bedale is supposed to relate all that he saw and knew of the lives of Elizabeth and Dudley from the days when the narrator was clerk to "my Lord Cromwell" to the time when he served the Queen and mixed with Sir William Cecil and Sussex. Devoid of conspicuous literary merit as "England's Elizabeth" may be considered, it yet strikes a critic as possibly a useful book for several "publics." There must be dozens of colourless but not inaccurate descriptive passages in the volume that may convey some serviceable idea of English life in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to persons who have never read even so full an account of Her Majesty as that given by the late Professor Ransome in his one-volume "Advanced History of England." Judge Parry's portraiture of Ket, the insurgent, for instance, might be really instructive to an adult who could not be induced to read about the man in a "serious" book. The fault from which "England's Elizabeth" appears to be quite free is that of glossing over the fact that the great Queen reigned at a period in which much that now stands forth as specially dull and uninteresting in English life not only existed, but was already significant of the defects of the English character.

Judge Parry's book shows the extremely matter-of-fact manner in which most Englishmen viewed the romantic events and persons of which "England's Elizabeth" is a very matter-of-fact tale.

THE YEOMAN. By Charles Kennett Burrow. (Lane, 6s.) There is a fleeting desire on the part of the author to indulge in Somersetshire dialect, but he suppresses it wisely. The story opens unusually well with the trials of a yeoman family. The Winstones for many generations own land, were born on the land and live by the land. Up to five and twenty years before the time the story begins not one of them had left it; and this lack of enterprise is accounted in them a virtue. And then one of their number, David, sold his farm, went to Australia, and made his fortune in sheep-farming. But even he could not resist the call of home, and he returned and bought the largest estate in the countryside; not for vainglory, but because he could afford it. Richard Winstone, on the other hand, the stay-at-home, pursues the way of generations of yeoman farmers before him. He does not envy his cousin's success; he ignores it. And in the dreariness of his simple homestead he sees in David's newfangled ideas of farming a threat to his own position. He half suspects that these imported methods will necessitate improved cottages for the farm hands; and the fact that the methods are good fundamentally and undeniably only accentuates the natural antagonism of his class. There ensues a bitter feud, and the prospects of a rattling story are good. But then the author shifts the burden of the story from the shoulders of the headstrong and rival farmers to their respective offspring, who are dear good things, whose prattle is always cheerful, but who nevertheless fail to fill the reader with enthusiastic interest. And the end is happy; although two offensive persons have to be removed: the one by drowning, the other by heart failure. A goodly book.

YARBOROUGH THE PREMIER. By A. R. Weekes. (Harpers, 6s.) The author has reprehensibly produced a novel almost without feminine interest. His theme is political; he lays bare the workings of a futile and unscrupulous intellect in the person of Christian Yarborough, destined to be the premier of England. He tells a good story, with characterisation extremely careful, but at times he almost wantonly lets go his reserve and abandons himself to fustian in describing what he believes to be the statecraft of his hero, but which in reality is charlatanism. Yarborough is secretary to a noble lord when opportunity presents itself of contesting a vacant seat. He seizes the opportunity. He is no hero, it is true; his methods are questionable; but he understands how to sway the mob and get them at his back. Flags and triumphal arches appeal to him; the plaudits and shouting of electioneering make him forget his ideals in his desire to make "his great human record." He is duly elected. He hastens to lay his laurels at the feet of his love. Then comes one chapter containing his proposals. Yarborough's proposal is interrogatory: "If he came to you all sin-stained, and worn with the world's work, and offered you the love that's like fire to purify and hallow his life and your own; the indestructible kind . . . the kind that's eaten its way into the very foundations of his nature; if he came and said take me and make me into what you like; make me into a plaster saint, if you like; govern me, and Europe through me. . . ." But she will have none of him, though for a moment undeniably under the spell of his theatrical clap-trap. Yarborough fulfils his destiny, and perhaps in the end, when spurned by the crowd, he is nearer to the realisation of his better self than in those earlier days of eavesdropping and of stealing political secrets. Altogether rather an odd book.

SIR MORTIMER. By Mary Johnston. (Constable, 6s.) Miss Johnston's romances so outrank most of the work of the time that the critic can do no less than apply to them the severest tests of criticism. Tried by these tests, "Sir Mortimer," despite its extraordinary force and brilliancy, cannot be pronounced an unqualified success. We are not concerned with the occasional recundancies or with the split

infinities which jar on a sensitive ear; in so entrancing a narrative such flaws might be ignored. The fault of "Sir Mortimer" lies deeper; consists in a failure of dramatic construction and spiritual unity. The opening chapter depicts the enmity between Mortimer Ferne and Robert Baldry in so marked a manner as to suggest that the hatred between these two is the central theme; in reality, it plays but a subsidiary part. The actual motive, one altogether original and striking, is later introduced in the fiendish device by which Luiz de Guardiola, Spanish Governor of Nueva Cordoba, causes Ferne, his captive, to believe that under torture and in half-delirium he has betrayed his leader, comrades and Baldry, his private foe, to destruction. The scene in which Ferne returns to surrender himself to death at his Admiral's hands, his endurance of the harsher penance of life, the renunciation and heroism by which he seeks atonement—in all this Miss Johnston rises to sustained tragic passion. Ferne's encounter with his old companions in the fever-stricken town of Cartagena when, atonement and vengeance frustrated, the man's soul is tempered to a fineness unknown to the conquering venturer, passes beyond passion to a singular and beautiful mysticism. Unhappily, the actual acquittal, brought about by the confession of a drunken babbler, fails to maintain the dignity of the foregoing scenes. Had Baldry returned from the Inquisition to clear Ferne's honour and claim his life according to their old challenge, we might, perhaps, have had a more consistent consummation. As it is, we drop from an austere spiritual tragedy to a "happy ending" of love in a rose garden.

Short Notices

LIBER STUDIORUM. By J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (Newnes, 10s. 6d. net.) In the early eighteen hundreds, Claude Lorrain stood astride the world of landscape art like a Colossus, when, at thirty-two, an Englishman, the eccentric son of a little barber, who had already pitted his young strength against more than one of the great masters, decided to try that strength against the great Frenchman. The self-confidence of the man met with jeers and shrugs from his fellows and the laughter of the small world in which he moved—indeed, Turner was a very braggart in his art. So, whilst France and Europe were rent with the Napoleonic wars, and England fought for life on land and sea; whilst Nelson bled at Trafalgar and Wellington won fame out of Spain and the Low Countries, this strange, big-headed little man, J. Mallord Turner, was grimly bending all his faculties to the producing of a series of studies from nature in the brown monotone print of the mezzotint and the etched plate that should surpass the art of the celebrated "Liber Veritatis" of the mighty Claude. Begun when he was little known to the large public, the splendid venture dragged its slow instalments through the years; and when the last plates of the uncompleted and wrecked enterprise were given to the world Turner was risen from the unknown to be the most illustrious illustrator in England. For the failure in popular esteem of this superb series of compositions the change in public taste had much to do. The large manner—the grand manner—was giving way to detail and "realism." It was so in poetry and the arts and politics. And Turner was shrewd enough to see that steel-engraving could give the glitter and detail that mezzotint could not give. But, fortunately for us, much of the work was done before Turner wearied of his scheme. The plates are now beyond the reach of any but the rich—though Turner broke his word of honour as to the limit of his editions, as his hoarded copies proved at his death. The publishers of this handsome book, by issuing reproductions of these glorious compositions in a process which gives a really remarkably good copy of the engravings at half a guinea, place every student and lover of art under an obligation. For what student can afford to be without such priceless lessons? The marvellous renderings of the emotions of nature, whether peace or storm, warmth or cold, stillness or windiness, the whispering foliage of trees or the

lapping gossip of the waters—these things are immortally set down in Turner's little brown masterpieces. And the publishers of this charming volume have rarely failed in giving most of the beauty and the values of the originals, except where a nasty blackness has now and again made mud of the warm browns. A delightful gift-book as well as a series of invaluable lessons in art.

THE CHRIST FROM WITHOUT AND WITHIN: A STUDY OF THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN. By the Rev. Henry W. Clark. (Melrose, 3s. 6d. net.) "Play cricket," said Cardinal Manning to a distinguished Oxford man now dead, "and read the Gospel of St. John." Mr. Clark is not a Roman Catholic, but he has read the Gospel of St. John with an open heart; and however his interpretation of the Fourth Gospel may fall short of the orthodoxy of oecumenical definitions, his meditative commentary contains much that will stir the sympathy of every kind of Christians. When we speak of his falling short we have in mind particularly his interpretation of the familiar Prologue, which can hardly be stretched into unison with the historical *Logos* doctrine. "Christ," he simply explains, "is the direct, immediate method by which God utters Himself. God puts Himself into Christ as we put ourselves into speech. What is in Christ springs straight out of what is in God, as the speaker's word springs straight out of what the speaker is." On the other hand, we recognise as a view that has found favour with eminent theologians, and a noble one, that according to which Christ in any wise would have been the consummation of the human race. "Though man has sinned, man's purposed redemption into fulness of life must nevertheless be consummated, even if its consummation necessitates the giving of the Son to death as well as to life." Mr. Clark writes as well as he thinks; it is therefore the most distressing to find his every page disfigured with such a solecism as "relationship." By the time one is half-way through his book it has worn, so to speak, quite a sore place.

THE SLAVE IN HISTORY. By William Stevens. (R.T.S. 6s.) "The Slave in History" is a large name for a small book, for an adequate study of the slave would include the history of tribes, kingdoms, empires and republics, and be in truth a record of the progress of mankind from the earliest feuds of savage chiefs to the discussion in Parliament on the importation of coolies into the mines of the Rand. But the author has succeeded in giving a wide survey of the subject in narrow space, and while writing with sympathy of the enslaved of all ages, has taken climate, circumstance and heredity into consideration in his judgment of the system. The introductory chapters give briefly the salient features of slavery in Greece and Rome, with a clear statement of the social and political complications which arose from the possession of slaves through purchase, through military conquest, and through the sale of freemen for debt. The first voice raised against enslavement for debt was that of Solon, 600 B.C. Both Plato and Aristotle bore testimony against slavery as an ever-present peril to the State. The most memorable protest against this injustice in the history of Rome was the slave insurrection led by Spartacus, the Thracian shepherd. The Hebrew legislation for the slave was most merciful, as befitted a people which had itself eaten the bitter bread of servitude. With Christianity came the dawning of liberty, and of the dead who sleep in the Catacombs none is named slave. Yet the record is a dark one of slave-buying, slave-hunting, slave-ships and slave-pens among Christian nations, and Christian Churches have themselves been slave-holders. The first authoritative word of the Church in favour of enfranchisement was that of Gregory the Great, on the ground of "the common equality of mankind." Slavery followed all voyaging ventures, whether for discovery or commerce, and England, Venice, Portugal, and all the great maritime powers counted the cargoes of their slave-ships as among their greatest gains from the East. Slavery sighted the New World with Columbus, and a civil war of four years was the price of that emancipation which Virginia had desired and been denied in Colonial days by

that royal blunderer George III. The emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies and in the United States and the enfranchisement of the serfs in Russia are matters of almost contemporary history.

ST. PAUL'S CONCEPTIONS OF THE LAST THINGS. By the Rev. H. A. A. Kennedy. (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net.) In these Cunningham Lectures for 1904 Dr. Kennedy has undertaken an examination into the eschatology of the Apostle of the Gentiles apart from theological prepossessions, moved thereto, as he tells us in his preface, by the extraordinarily conflicting appeals which, by divers writers, have been made to his authority. To Matthew Arnold, for instance, St. Paul's idea of the Resurrection is but "the rising within the sphere of our visible earthly existence from death (which is obedience to sin) to life (which is obedience to righteousness)." Any such nineteenth-century reading is impossible to a pupil of the late Dr. A. B. Davidson. He reads him while holding fast to the great religious conceptions of the Old Testament in their original setting; and who that desires to penetrate the mind of the mind of "a Hebrew of the Hebrews"? His new Christian man can doubt that that is essentially the way to read the experience had in no way obliterated the training of the school of Gamaliel, but had quickened in him a finer sensibility to the deeper elements in the earlier revelation. Another feature of St. Paul's attitude which Dr. Kennedy has brought forcibly out is the decisiveness with which St. Paul has laid the foundation of the Christian hope of eternal life in the relation of the individual soul to the risen Lord. Life in Christ, he shows, is for the apostle existence raised to its highest power—the supreme unsurpassable reality. It is to be noted that with regard to the fate of the unjustified the lecturer discerns in the writings of St. Paul no trace of that "eternal hope" of which the late Dean of Canterbury was the popular prophet. And in this connection his scholarly examination of *αἰώνος* on pages 316 seqq. is of importance. The lectures are a very valuable contribution to the intimate criticism of the New Testament.

THE GULL'S HORNBOOK. By Thomas Dekker. Edited by R. B. McKerrow. (The King's Library, Moring, 7s. 6d. net.) Dekker's "Gull's Hornbook" is one of those valuable trifles which in their own day were of little price but which to us are full of information and of interest. In essence it is a crude satire, but it should be remembered that a satire often throws more light upon manners and morals than does a learned history or disquisition. So it is with this little piece of Dekker's, which brings us into close touch with London life in the days of Shakespeare, with the Ordinary, the playhouse and the tavern. The present edition is admirable in many ways, in type, paper, binding, in its editing, and, indeed, the only fault we have to find with it is Mr. McKerrow's decision to modernise the spelling and punctuation, a plan which we trust will not be adopted in future issues in this excellent series. The glossary is slightly elementary and presumes something almost of ignorance in the reader.

THE PROSE WRITINGS OF JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN. Edited by D. J. O'Donoghue. (Dublin: O'Donoghue & Co., and M. H. Gill & Son; London: A. H. Bullen, 3s. 6d.) Little service will be rendered to Mangan's fame by the republication of these prose trifles, which are mostly laboured efforts of a skilful writer working in an unsuitable medium. The fact of the matter is that Mangan had nothing to say, and the whimsicalities of his style cannot hide the baldness of his matter. The best things in this volume are "The Thirty Flasks" and "The Man in the Cloak," two Germanesque tales of diablerie. For the rest there is more effort than effect. A few of the thoughts in "A Sixty-Drop Dose of Laudanum" are striking, as "I have noticed that those men who give bad characters of women have usually worse characters themselves"; but others are trite and sometimes disfigured by appalling puns. A well-meant but not successful effort to prove that Mangan's prose was worthy of standing beside his poetry.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT. By George Clinch. (Methuen, cloth, 3s. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net.) A new volume of The Little Guides is always welcome; guides little in size but big in achievement. The geologist, the botanist, the antiquary, the student of history and biography, as well as the mere idle rambler, all are catered for in this dainty volume and have reason to be grateful to its author. Mr. F. D. Bedford's illustrations are admirable; he has a peculiar and charming gift of conveying the effect of sunshine in black and white, and his cloud-scapes are delightful. Most noteworthy are the pictures of Carisbrooke Village, Quarr Abbey, Godshill Church, and The Needles.

Reprints and New Editions

"Oblivion is the nemesis of over-praise," says Mr. Lewis Campbell in his introduction to **POEMS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL** (Golden Treasury Series, Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net), so I must be careful what eulogy I pay to this volume of selections. Of course we all know the "Exile of Erin," "Ye Mariners of England," "Hohenlinden," and a few others, but Campbell deserves better of our memories than this, and the present excellent selection is welcome. As Mr. Lewis Campbell points out in his introduction, Campbell's genius was "essentially lyric," and I fear "The Pleasures of Hope" will never catch the town again. From Mr. Moring, in the dainty and charming King's Classics, I receive Chaucer's **THE MAN OF LAW'S TALE**, **THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE**, and the **SQUIRE'S TALE** (1s. net), discreetly done into modern English by Professor Skeat, who, as was to be expected, does as little in the way of alteration as he can, and therefore has done his work well. In the same series comes **THE HISTORY OF FULK FITZ-WARINE** (1s. 6d. net), "Englished" by Alice Kemp-Welch, with an introduction by Dr. L. Brandin. "In the time of April and May, when once again the meadows and the pastures become green, and all living things renew their virtue and beauty and strength, and the hills and the valleys resound with the sweet warble of the birds and, by reason of the beauty of the weather and of the season, all hearts are uplifted and made glad, then is it meet that we should call to remembrance the adventures and the brave deeds of our ancestors"—which Mr. Moring has by this delightful reprint made it possible for all of us to do. In the King's Poets (Moring, 2s. 6d. net) I have **THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE AND OTHER POEMS**, by William Morris, edited by Robert Steele, who in his introduction traces the history of the romantic revival, using, it seems to me, the word romantic in a somewhat unusual and too limited sense, tracing it through Ossian, Bishop Percy, Chatterton and Scott to Tennyson, Carlyle and eventually Morris! All these books of Mr. Moring have a pleasant air of distinction, characteristic of his press. From Romance to romance, **OMOO**, by Herman Melville, edited by W. Clark Russell, appears in The New Pocket Library (Lane, leather 2s. 6d. net, cloth 1s. 6d. net), the editor's preface rather over-praising this tale of the South Seas—and—Mr. Lewis Campbell has told us what is the nemesis of over-praise. And—oh, how it carries one back to schoolroom days and delights!—an old and faithful friend, **TOM BROWN** (Methuen, 2s. 6d. net), with an introduction by Mr. Vernon Rendall—an introduction which will be read by all lovers of "Tom Brown," more particularly by old Rugbeians. But the paper of the little volume is not pleasing in colour and the type irritates the eyes—at any rate it irritates mine. It is quaint to think of notes to such a book as "Tom Brown," but here they are, and full of interest in their way. I turn away, reluctantly, to another very different volume—**GREAT SOULS AT PRAYER**, selected and arranged by Mrs. Mary W. Tileston (Allenson, 2s. 6d. net), a third edition of a very pleasing book. "Fourteen Centuries of Prayer, Praise and Aspiration, from St. Augustine to Christina Rossetti and Robert Louis Stevenson," as the title-page runs, explains the aim of this little volume, and Mrs. Tileston has done her work with great discretion. It is nicely printed and got up.

TRAINS OF THOUGHT. V.—The Poor Public

IT is commonly called the great public, but I am rather sorry for it and would show my sympathy. It is so often attacked, poor thing, and I feel that it cannot defend itself. I see it in imagination a poor, dumb, scolded animal looking at me, a possible champion, with beautiful expressive eyes. "Poor public," I say gently, "what a shame!" But "brute!" shout the other writers, "many-headed beast! stupid, pig-headed, coarse, vulgar, imperceptive dolt! Get out!" Dear, dear . . . my acquaintance is happily miscellaneous, if I may affirm it without boasting for the sake of the argument, and I converse in my time with lawyers, doctors, sailors, soldiers, shopkeepers, porters, men of fashion, statesmen and shampooers at the Turkish bath. I might lengthen the list and add several sorts of ladies. Now, all these people, for I have excluded artists—in the ordinary sense of writers and painters and actors—make up, I suppose, the public. But my general impression of their conversation is anything but one of pig-headedness, vulgarity and the rest of it. How comes it, then, that the public has exposed itself to these unfortunate imputations?

But a difficulty in the way of clear thinking on the matter must be dealt with first. Are these people the public? Not a single man Jack of them regards himself as belonging to the public. Every one of them, of course, directly opposes to himself the public which is outside of his own calling, and in that sense is pretty sure, he also, to speak of the public with contempt. But, beyond that, speak to any one of them about the public in connection with a book or a play: his withers are unwrung. It never occurs to him that you may include himself. I remember, contrariwise, hearing a popular actress in some one-act play pronounce a long eulogy on the public, how dear and generous and sympathetic it was. The author, cunning rogue, no doubt had said to himself that the poor public was always being attacked, that he on the other hand would eulogise it: that it would be touched and charmed. But not a bit of it. The speech fell flat. No one in the theatre thought that he or she was intended, or took the least pleasure in hearing the public praised, and if any superior people were there they no doubt were disgusted. And we dislike to think, indeed, that any agreeable, responsive person with whom we talk belongs to the guilty body.

Still, there it is: we cannot suppose it to be a subjective hallucination, vanishing whenever we test it in the flesh. There is an amorphous, shifting, changing body, the public, which influences so sadly our books and painting and plays, our art. But what does the influence really mean? Given the public at the worst of the accusation, how much does it signify? If a man has it in him greatly to express himself in a book or a picture, it needs little of a public to get the one printed, the other furnished with canvas and paint. If his first aim is a fortune he will turn aside—but then he is not your artist. We are reduced to the theatre, about which there has been such a coil of late. A play cannot get itself produced without an anticipated public of many thousands, true. I fancy managers are apt to put the public's standard on too low a level: plays with ideas in them have succeeded even in our day, and some which merely repeated an empty formula have failed. I would even say a word for the public which makes successes of "musical comedies." My experience of contemporary examples is not large. I confess that one or two I have seen appeared to me to fall below any conceivable

level of civilised entertainment. But in three consecutive years I have been at Brighton when a company touring the provinces with the Gilbert and Sullivan operas has been there. Now, surely no one will dispute that when the English art of the nineteenth century in its latter half is soundly estimated these Gilbert and Sullivan operas will show very high in its achievements. Pass the greatest artists of the period—Tennyson, Meredith, Swinburne, Whistler—and you will not have a long roll to read before you come to them. They are almost perfect in their way, and their way is not a common one; the wit, musical and verbal, is a true wit, delightful to the intelligence. For myself, I admit that my interest is as sentimental as critical. I was brought up on them, I know them by heart, they are full of associations for me. Well, they came to Brighton, not an intellectual place, so to speak, with no such centre of culture in it as you find in Manchester or Birmingham. They were extremely well done, I must add in gratitude, by players who had learned to sing and relished the jokes: I forgave one or two of them—even I with my memories—for not being Mr. Grossmith or Miss Jessie Bond. Very well, they came to Brighton. Empty seats? A bored audience? A longing for this or that contemporary nullity? No, *Sir*. Packed houses, continuous laughter, hushed attention to the songs, vociferous applause—the last night of the visit a regular ovation. I maintain that even in comic musical pieces there is a public for better things.

But to resume—I take advantage of your patience. I think managers of theatres rate public intelligence too low. But I grant that as a whole the theatre public is not an intelligent, an artistic public. Whatever our race has been or will be it now has little sense of art. I am inclined to think that its sense of beauty is keener—a little keener—than it was, but not its intelligence. The idea, the genuine working of thought, is not what will attract it in a play. A Review published a monthly list of imposing signatures of people—eminent people all of them—who deplore and protest against the state of the theatre in England and want this and that done to remedy it. I should have thought that they could have afforded a theatre between them if they wished for one: if I were a millionaire I should engage my favourite players, regardless of expense, to play me Congreve's comedies. The hope of getting anything done in a public way merely to make the theatre more intelligent and thoughtful I believe to be vain. Intelligence *laudatur et alget* in England to-day. Then what did I mean by suggesting that even in the playhouse the public might not be quite such a criminal as the poor thing is accused of being? Why, this. I believe that a great play, a play great in terms of its own art, will find a public here or anywhere. Not merely a clever play, an ideaed play, or a play with beautiful thoughts and moments in it. That may miss its chance, or sometimes lack a chance altogether. But a play which is a great play, with passionate drama and dramatic passion in it—that will not lack a chance.

So it appears that this poor public you are reviling does not prevent the greatest art, but merely discourages the second order. It is a pity. But if art does not exist for the public, neither does the public exist for art. There are other virtues than a sense of beauty and a joy in intelligence. You have scolded it enough. Here—poor public—here is a biscuit.

G. S. STREET.

Egomet

I HAVE a bad habit of lending my books; a good habit as far as kindness is concerned, but evil in its results upon my bookshelves, where there are not a few vacant places waiting to be filled once again by the books which I have entrusted to forgetful friends. When I borrow a volume, as I occasionally do, it weighs upon my conscience until I have returned it to its owner, but, alas, all bookmen are not so scrupulous as I am in this matter. If a man borrows money of me, he does seem to feel that he is more or less under an obligation to repay the loan, but as regards a borrowed book men and women alike leave conscience out of the transaction. Could I bring myself to be angry I would say that to steal a book from me is no less heinous than to filch my money off me. Then, being unmethodical, I make no note of to whom my book has been lent, and being forgetful I cannot always recall to whose care I have trusted my treasure, for each one of my volumes is to me a treasure.

YET there is a pleasure in lending and in borrowing books which I cannot forego. A fellow bookman will come in on me of an evening, and seated on either side the hearth we will discourse of our tastes in authors or discuss some literary topic of common interest. I find, perchance, that I have in my possession a book which my friend knows not, save perhaps by name, a book which I love and would have him also to love. What then can I do but take my treasure down from its shelf and beg of my friend to do me the pleasure of borrowing it, which, truth to tell, he is seldom loth to do? I rejoice at the prospect of the opportunity vouchsafed to me of giving pleasure to a lover of books and count not the possible cost to myself. When I visit a friend, I hover near his bookcases as a young man will flutter around a pretty damsel; with tenderness and reverence I pick out

this volume and that, tasting of the delights within, and, oh, the joy that fills my heart when my friend cries, "Come, borrow!" Yet when I reach home, treasure safely tucked under my arm, I almost repent me; I set aside any book I may be reading in order to peruse and then return betimes the work I have borrowed. Borrowing to me is a painful pleasure; so is lending.

I HAVE also a habit of marking in my volumes passages that take my fancy, which causes one of my friends acute distress. He borrowed once a book of me and sadly returned it the morrow morning, expostulating, saying that my marks had irritated him beyond measure; he could not read a book so disfigured, more especially as in most instances he could not for the life of him conceive why I had selected such and such lines for distinction. Sometimes when re-reading a book I myself wonder why certain passages were marked when, maybe years ago, I first read the work. This most frequently occurs with me in the case of novels, and I can only account for it by the change that is wrought in a man by the progress of time and also by the varying moods which affect the taste from hour to hour. Most superior persons will sneer no doubt at my fancying that there are any passages in mere works of fiction which can deserve the honour of being marked. But I am not a superior person, I hope—at least I believe I am not so, I pray I am not so. There is much wisdom and a deal of knowledge of human hearts in the novels of our great writers, and the world would be poorer indeed, not only in pleasures but in profits, without the masterpieces of Defoe, Goldsmith, Fielding, Miss Austen, Marryat, Thackeray, Trollope, Dickens, Meredith—all gods before whom I bow down and worship. I thank them humbly for many an hour of profitable entertainment. May their editions never grow less.

E. G. O.

Science

Space

WE all conceive of space as having three dimensions. The mathematician, it is true, can postulate a fourth dimension, and perform many very remarkable feats with it; but neither he nor anyone else can really frame a conception of this fourth dimension. He agrees with ordinary people that a fourth dimension is unthinkable.

Now it is certainly not worth while to attempt any proof of the tri-dimensional character of space. But we may attempt to adduce what is, so far as I am aware, an argument more or less new in favour of the view taken by realism that our conception of the tri-dimensional character of space does truly correspond with objective reality. A correspondent recently asked whether science had proved space to have four dimensions. I want to show, if possible, that we can adduce something like scientific proof of the assertion that space veritably has three dimensions.

It is dangerous work to attribute any belief to the idealists, for, with the exception of Berkeley, they are all interpreted differently by each of their followers. But we may take it that a typical idealist would deny the existence of anything in the outer world which veritably corresponds to our conception of space as having length,

breadth, and depth. To such an idealist, who declares space to be *no more* than one of the forms in which, owing to the possession of an innate idea concerning it, we think—I want to point out certain anatomical and physiological facts which seem to me to disprove his assertion.

At the base of the skull of each of us there is, on either side, a bone which is known as the *petrous* bone, owing to the fact that it is the hardest or "rockiest" in the body. It contains the inner ear or essential organ of hearing, and its hardness is doubtless an adaptation to this function, since the harder it is the better it will conduct those vibrations which our sense of hearing indescribably converts into sound. The inner ear is supplied, on each side, by the eighth cranial nerve, which is therefore known as the auditory nerve. But it has been discovered that the auditory nerve really consists of two divisions which have totally different functions and totally different courses inside and outside the brain. One of these divisions has nothing to do with hearing, but with the preservation of our equilibrium or balance. It is the nerve of equilibration and runs to the peripheral organ of that sense. Unlike other peripheral organs, however, such as the eye or ear or nose,

this organ is not literally peripheral at all, and we shall see that there is no need for it to be so. It lies beside the inner ear in the heart of the petrous bone on each side. Its function is to tell us the position of our head in space; and when it is disordered we suffer from incurable vertigo, reeling like a drunken man, simply because we do not know where we are.

Now of what does the organ of equilibration consist? It is composed of *three* tiny canals, each of them shaped like half a circle. Each of the three semicircular canals contains a fluid, in which lie the numberless terminations of the nerve of equilibration. Every movement of the head, however slight, will cause a tendency to movement in the fluid and therefore a pressure upon the nerve-endings. The brain is informed of this pressure, and so we know how our head has been moved. This theory, which is now generally accepted, was originated by Professor Crum Brown, of Edinburgh, who is, curiously enough, not a physiologist but a chemist. Now space being, as we believe, tri-dimensional, it is possible for the head to be moved in three directions or in compounds of them. We may nod our head, shake our head, or depress or raise it vertically. How, then, are the three semicircular canals arranged on each side of the head? *They are arranged in correspondence with the three dimensions of a cube, two being vertical but at right angles to one another, and one being horizontal. The arrangement on the two sides is symmetrical, so that every possible movement of the head exercises a corresponding influence on some pair or pairs of the six canals: nothing can escape them.*

Now if we go down to the lowest vertebrate animal we do not find these canals at all. The fish simply has an organ named the utricle, which is its ear and perhaps serves partly to equilibrate the fish as well. As we ascend the vertebrate scale, we find the gradual evolution of these three canals, and pathology tells us that the vertigo which ensues from disorder of them corresponds to the direction of the particular canal or canals which may be affected. For instance, if the horizontal canals be affected, it is the movement of "shaking the head," or movement in the horizontal plane, which upsets the equilibrium of the patient. These observations have been absolutely verified by the experiments of Flourens on the pigeon.

Now as to the relation of these facts to the nature of space. If I simply argue, in controversy with the idealist, that the number and arrangement of the canals prove the tri-dimensional character of space, I can imagine a just reply. "Not at all," he would say, "all you have shown is that we believe space to be tri-dimensional because we have a tri-dimensional arrangement for appreciating it. You are arguing in a circle." But it seems to me that there is an answer to that argument. What I want to know is this: If space be not tri-dimensional in verity, *why* should there have been evolved within our heads a tri-dimensional arrangement for appreciating our position in it?

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

IN the ordinary course of things an unsuccessful play is not worth an analysis, but Mr. R. O. Prowse in "Ina," produced by The Stage Society this week, has deserved if not success at any rate serious consideration. Mr. Prowse has been hampered partly by stage conventions from which he has failed to shake himself free, partly

by ignoring the fact that a play is not a novel. The theme of the piece is good and strong. A young, pure but not prudish girl of sensitive nature is married to a blackguard, who is afflicted with a mysterious disease. There are certain drops prescribed by the doctor, which should be administered to the husband by the wife immediately symptoms of an attack show themselves. The husband grossly abuses the wife, Ina, an attack develops itself, Ina hesitates for a moment—a few moments—then, overcoming her repulsion to the man, rushes to his rescue with the drops—but too late; he is dead. So far a good situation, but, oh! how crude is the workmanship. Dr. Knighton talks vaguely of disease, why not give it a name? He flourishes those drops about, until we say, "Drops! Oh, yes, we know those drops, they won't be given." In fact this first act smacks of melodrama; simply, quietly written it might have been tragedy.

Now there is a young optimist poet, Bertie Egerton, who loves Ina, so obviously does so that the husband has been bitterly jealous. The pretty widow is afflicted with a very natural remorse, but after the lapse of eighteen months of weeds accepts the poet as her second husband. Dr. Knighton, who has guessed Ina's secret, tells her that she should tell the facts to Bertie, which she does, and Bertie fails her. They part, and eventually the strong man, the Doctor, wins Ina's love. All this is good in outline, but Mr. Prowse has failed in the details, failed to handle his materials to the best advantage, failed to show any gift for writing drama. Whether he has such gift remains to be proved. The characters in the play talk explanatory matter, they are made to show their natures and emotions by describing them in talk, which is wrong, they should betray them by their actions, by their deeds they should be known. Then they repeat catchwords—such as Ina's "The loneliness of it"—which irritate and do not convince. Further still with the exception of Ina the characters are not fully conceived, they are types rather than individuals. One more grumble, why does Mr. Prowse introduce that absurd and unnecessary figure of an uncle, with his ridiculous aches and pains, a figure of fun as old as farce itself but utterly out of place in a drama? Mr. Prowse has shown earnest endeavour, a knowledge of human hearts but not of the traffic of the stage. The whole thing was interesting but not convincing.

THE acting as a whole was excellent with one fatal exception. Mr. Norman McKinnel was quiet and effective as the Doctor, Miss Margaret Halstan the same as Ina, though a thought too lachrymose, showing little of that pagan joy of life of which she talks so much, but Mr. Loring Fernie failed to give anything approaching a faithful portrait of the optimistic young poet. Mr. Granville Barker would have played the part to perfection and greatly added to the play's effectiveness. As a good-natured and jovial friend of Ina, Miss Granville was very good—playing the part in the fine spirit of comedy, natural and unforced.

A PRETTY American girl marries the son of a London merchant, and knowing nothing of the value of money spends it with both hands, with results that would be disastrous in real life, but which in comedy lead only to pleasant episodes which all end happily—such is Mr. H. H. Davies' "Cynthia" now being played at Wyndham's Theatre. A gentle, entertaining piece of fun such as we now expect from this dramatist, full of sunshine, with mere April showers and no storms,

laughter moving, bright, stirring no deep emotions. Cynthia gets into debt, Cynthia borrows money from a money-lender, plays with fire, but, of course, does



MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE

not burn her fingers. Cynthia pouts, frets, makes love, is tender, at one moment is almost, if not quite, pathetic. Who is Cynthia? This is she. A very charming figure she is made for us by Miss Ethel Barrymore; others who do well are Mr. Max Freeman, Mr. Wheelock, junr., Mr. Du Maurier and Miss Louise Douste.

BUT to be fairly appraised "Cynthia" must be seen. As with Mr. Davies' other comedies the theme is slight, it is the clever little touches of character, turns of dialogue, snatches of tenderness that count, and the question suggests itself can Mr. Davies do more than this? Is it merely the dancing music of a shallow stream or are there depths yet unsounded? I hope so. So far this clever writer has only skimmed over the surface, even of the comedy side of life; let us hope soon to see him trying a deeper depth with success. Sweets are welcome and wholesome, but one cannot live on them; so are trifles on the stage, but a fine dramatist is not content with trifling.

MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON's critical comment on "Hamlet" in "Harper's" for this month is disputatious. He delivers himself of a terrific onslaught on German Shakespearean criticism, delivering himself also of this interesting view of inspiration:

"All imaginative writers, whether in verse or in prose, are divisible into two great tribes: first, those poets who do not work their imaginations, but whose imaginations work them, such as Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Rabelais, Marlowe, Webster, Walter Scott, and, indeed, all those who may for convenience be designated 'the tribe of Nature's children'; second, those who belong to 'the tribe of Ben'—to use an affectionate phrase of Ben Jonson's followers; a tribe which, taking its origin long before

Ben Jonson was born—taking its origin, indeed, in a very early stage of literature—has produced many important members, though two of them tower above all the others: the author of 'The Fox' and the author of the 'Comédie Humaine.' As to these two, indeed, so great are they in their own line that in importance they may be ranked with all but the very greatest members of the other and older tribe. Yet with the members of that other tribe, whom I have ventured, for comparison's sake, to call the tribe of Nature's children, the writers 'sealed of the tribe of Ben' must not ever be confounded. Brilliantly and subtly as they depict human life, their 'specimens' of humanity are excogitated; they are characters born of induction, whereas the other tribe—the tribe of Nature's children—know nothing of any characters of induction, know nothing of any characters save those of their own imagination's spontaneous projection. The characters constructed by the tribe of Ben say this and do that because by induction the dramatist, working on the best principles of German criticism, considers what they ought to say and do, and makes them speak and act accordingly."

With all of which it is not difficult to agree.

BUT when Mr. Watts-Dunton goes on to say that when he painted Hamlet's portrait Shakespeare painted his own, I must cry "Halt"! "The perfection of the dramatist's work betrays him," continues Mr. Watts-Dunton; at that rate we must conclude that we have also portraits of Shakespeare in Falstaff, Rosalind and Caliban! Such reasoning as this will, I hope, some day be seen to be grotesque.

MRS. CRAIGIE's successful comedy "The Flute of Pan" will be produced in London during the next few weeks or in the early autumn.

Musical Notes

PERFORMANCES at Covent Garden continue to maintain a high standard of merit. If the season so far has produced little of epoch-making significance, the general average maintained has been remarkably good, while at least a few performances have been characterised by quite exceptional excellence. An impersonation of unforgettable beauty and impressiveness has been the Isolde of Ternina, for example. This was always one of her greatest parts, but it would seem to have gained even in its subtlety, pathos, and general distinction since the artist's last visit to London, and it is quite impossible to imagine a nobler or more touching presentation of what is perhaps the most appealing and most finely drawn of all the Wagnerian heroines than that which this incomparably great actress-singer provides.

No doubt to a thick-and-thin adherent of the *bel canto* school of vocalism Ternina's singing would seem to a considerable degree wanting—and this even though, by comparison with that which too often goes by the name of Wagnerian vocalism when purely Teutonic singers are concerned, Ternina's singing is positively Italian. For Ternina, though almost exclusively identified with Wagnerian rôles in this country—she has some fifty or sixty other parts in her repertoire in which she has never been heard in London—is not, of course, a German by birth, and possesses, therefore, none of the worst qualities commonly associated with the German method of voice-production. At the same time her voice and vocal method, taken as such, cannot be regarded as the strongest detail of her artistic outfit.

CERTAINLY it is a splendidly powerful organ which she possesses, and no less certainly she uses it after her own manner with incomparable skill and effect. The variety of tone-colouring which she obtains is in particular quite marvellous, so that almost by the quality of her utterance in this regard alone the nature of the particular emotion which she is expressing might be inferred. In this respect only Calvé is perhaps her equal among contemporary operatic singers; and no-one would gainsay that this particular quality is as valuable as it is rarely acquired. At the same time, regarding her singing merely as singing in the older sense of the term—that is as a succession of mellifluous sounds—it could and would be criticised by many. Not so, they would say, did Malibran, Grisi, Jenny Lind, Titiens, Nilsson, and others charm their hearers in earlier days. And in a sense no doubt they would be right.

TERNINA does not possess that beauty of voice, natural or acquired, with which such great singers as those named, and many of their predecessors, achieved their triumphs. But *en revanche* she does that with her voice which the singers of an earlier day for the most part never dreamed of attempting. For the most part, it must be said, because we know that there were some, such as Titiens, who did combine in an eminent degree the art of expression with that of beauty of tone. But, in a general way, this was not thought needful, and hence we get that from a Ternina or a Calvé which, if in a restricted sense inferior to the singing of bygone times, in another is something infinitely greater.

NOR is it needful to go back into the past to make the necessary contrast. One only has to compare the singing of Madame Melba with that of her great Wagnerian rival to realise the essential difference between the two schools of vocal art. Madame Melba, you may say, is perfect in her way. Hear her as Juliette, or Gilda, or Marguerite, or what you will, and you cannot fail to be charmed. It is all so easy and natural and elegant and bird-like that the least impressionable must admire. With Andrea del Sarto in the poem Madame Melba may say—

"I do what many dream of, all their lives.
—Dream? strive to do, and agonise to do,
And fail in doing."

But, from the dramatic point of view, how little does it all amount to! You listen and you enjoy, but how faintly are you stirred!

Art Notes

The Royal Academy—III

THE great central gallery of the Royal Academy contains pictures this summer which will not be forgotten for many a long year—it contains as well some strangely mediocre work. What a whimsical creature must be that dame of Chance who whispers to the Selecting Committee "Take this," "Honour that," "Reject t'other"! Mr. John Sargent's—(how odd the Mister sounds before the name of one who has become a master!)—Mr. John Sargent's splendid masterpiece in green harmonies, "The Duchess of Sutherland," dominates all the artistic effort of this place; and its gloriously breezy pendant, Mr. Furse's "Diana of the Uplands," runs it close for the place of honour; but I have already written of these things, so

will take the lesser canvases about the room. Mr. Rex Vicat Cole shows a steady advance with "An English Landscape." Mr. Arnesby Brown justifies his election with his fine picture of cattle crossing "The Bridge." Mr. John Sargent's large portrait of "The Countess of Lathom" is, I fancy, more popular than the splendid canvas of "The Duchess of Sutherland;" but it leaves me unmoved in spite of much fine work. The veteran Mr. G. F. Watts sends a charming portrait, which he calls "Lilian"—a picture which contains an almost exaggerated announcement of the range of his technical craftsmanship and seems to sum up his manner. At least, so it seems to me—a sort of colour movement that ranges the whole gamut of his palette. Mr. Robert Brough again establishes his right to be considered one of our most brilliant portrait-painters. Mr. Frank Dicksee sends his best canvas in the form of a graceful portrait of a very handsome woman. I think Mr. Wollen will find some difficulty in proving his idea that Wellington rode up to the French muskets before giving his order for the English line to advance at Waterloo. Mr. Herkomer gives us one of his best and strongest portraits this year in his "Joseph Chamberlain, M.P."—a fine subject, strongly painted. It is the contemplation of work such as this that makes one wonder why such an artist as Herkomer has just missed the heights. Of Mr. Brangwyn's large decorative historical panel we have already spoken praise; but Mr. Herbert Draper shows in his "Golden Fleece" such a falling away from his best work as could only have been excused by election to the Academy. I liked much, in its detailed, Meissonieresque manner, Mr. Bacon's "A Voice"—the lady in Empire dress who sings on a lawn to a brilliant company. Mr. Gow's "Farewell to Nelson" will make a popular engraving—indeed there is much charm in the picture. To Mr. Napier Hemy's fine "London River" I have already called attention; but Mr. John Sargent's portrait head of "Major-General Leonard Wood, U.S.A." will scarcely receive from the public the attention that its strong handling and great qualities claim. Mr. Orchardson's portrait of "Sir Samuel Montagu, Bart." is an exquisite effort largely lost on forms that are too big for his delicate brush, though the life-size head is remarkably effective in spite of the straining of this fine artist's dainty manner.

In the Fourth Room is Mr. George Clausen's sunlit, powerfully rendered "Gleaners Coming Home"—a vigorously realised piece of impressionism, that will haunt the memory of those whose eyes have dwelt upon such scenes. Mr. Hathewell has managed the large groups in "The City Fathers' Welcome to King Edward the Seventh" as well as it is possible to do these things perhaps. The general key of colour is at least well rendered. But one finds oneself unable to weigh any other pictures in the balance of criticism in this room, for Mr. John Sargent's masterpiece of "Mrs. Wert-heimer," one of the most powerfully painted portraits of our time, holds the admiration and demands the whole attention and homage of such as have artistic insight.

In the Fifth Room is a charming portrait of a child, "Lord Ashley," by Mr. Harrington Mann, though here, again, we find a portrait by Mr. John Sargent gripping the attention and putting all else to rout. It is the figure of "Mr. Devitt, the President of the Shipping Federation," and a masterly affair it is. A delightful landscape by Mr. Alfred East is one of the best things in this room—"Morning at Montreuil, Pas-de-Calais"

—a fresh poetic romantic work. Mr. La Thangue is well represented this summer, and his well-known technique draws one to all he does. Mr. David Murray sends two more of his interesting landscapes of Constable's country to this room. Mr. Edwin Abbey again misses his highest achievement in his central panel for a reredos for the church of the Holy Trinity in Paris—the Christ is a wholly uninspired commonplace-looking man, and the most perfect technique in the world will not save the painting of a commonplace head from failure in the conception of God's supreme creation. The thing is impossible. Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" would have been a mighty masterpiece had he but made the head as fine as Guido Reni's "Ecce Homo." It is a strange, a fantastic fact, that the greatest painters have utterly failed where Guido Reni has alone succeeded.

In the Sixth Room Mr. George Henry makes a hit with his portrait in red of "The Marchioness of Tullibardine;" and here also hangs Mr. John Sargent's least interesting but largest canvas of "The Marquess of Londonderry carrying the great Sword of State at the Coronation." The poor man looks rather ridiculous at the comical situation; and his "train-bearer," the youngster, Mr. Beaumont, frankly shows that he feels ridiculous at the dandified business. Mr. Orpen sends an excellent portrait of "Charles Wertheimer, Esq.;" and Signor Mancini shows a very fine work entitled "En Voyage"—one really wonders what sane fellow was on the Selecting Committee this year. Mr. Young Hunter has painted a little portrait of "Mr. Filson Young" that is admirable; and Mr. Byam Shaw gives a hint that he is not quite asleep—or "gone to Dowdeswell" as I heard a wag call the wholly getting into the commission of the dealers.

THE Seventh Gallery holds three excellent portraits—the one is the droll presentment of a delightfully humorous face, the "Sir Francis Mowatt, G.C.B." of Mr. Charles Furse; the other is the strongly painted and finely achieved "T. P. O'Connor, Esq., M.P.," of Mr. Bacon. This portrait of Mr. Bacon's will be a surprise even to his admirers—it is one of the best things in the Royal Academy. The third is another work by Mr. Furse, the fishing portrait of "Mr. and Mrs. Oliver"—a good workmanlike picture, but somehow or other, as always, the sporting element has marred the success. Sport seems to kill art—the most whimsical of paradoxes in the seeming, but a pitiful truth.

"THE CONNOISSEUR" for May keeps up to its high standard. The fascinating subject of Lowestoft china is continued by E. T. Sachs. Dr. Williamson commences his series of articles upon the Hermitage Collection at St. Petersburg; and Silver Lustre Ware also has a good first paper devoted to it.

"THE BURLINGTON MAGAZINE" for May, which is strong in reproductions of drawings by J. F. Millet, the great Frenchman, contains an excellent paper on the Oxford Exhibition of Historical Portraits by the Rev. H. E. D. Blakiston; and has a most sane editorial comment upon the Royal Academy and its administration of the Chantrey Bequest.

"THE ARTWORKER'S QUARTERLY" continues on its sound practical way, and is enriched by a block of the glorious mantelpiece by Alfred Stevens.

PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

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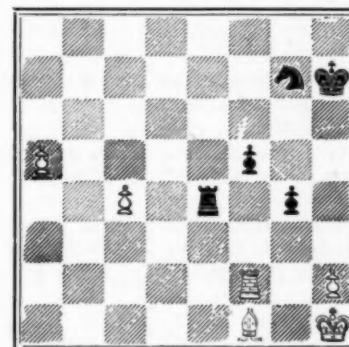
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Chess

[All communications, marked clearly "Chess" on cover, to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Academy and Literature," 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.]

No. 7.

BLACK.



WHITE,

BLACK TO PLAY AND DRAW.

SOLUTION to No. 5. 1. B—Q 6; 2. B—R 6, R—Q 7 ch.; 3. K—Kt 3, P—K R 5 ch.; 4. K—Kt 4, R—K Kt 7 ch.; 5. K—R 5, K—B 4; 6. B—Kt 7, R—K Kt 6; 7. B—R 6, P—Kt 5 and wins. If 3. K—Kt 1, K—B 5; 4. P—R 4, K—Kt 6; 5. K—B 1, R—B 7 ch.; 6. K moves, P—Kt 5 and wins.

This position requires careful handling, and is not nearly so simple as it appears to be. 1. P—R 5 would probably only draw. Partially correct solutions to Nos. 4 and 5 were received from A. S. In neither case was the shortest method adopted, but the lines of play given would probably have proved successful.

The following fine example of the Evans Gambit was played many years ago at a leading provincial club, and is now published for the first time.

White.

Black,

1. P—K 4
2. Kt—K B 3
3. B—B 4
4. P—Q Kt 4
5. P—B 3

1. P—K 4
2. Kt—Q B 3
3. B—B 4
4. B×P
5. B—B 4

B—R 4 is more generally played now, as giving more scope to the defence.

6. O—O
7. P—Q 4
8. P×P

6. P—Q 3
7. P×P
8. B—Q Kt 3

The normal position.

9. P—Q 5

Probably the best continuation for White, and leading to a more durable attack than Morphy's move of Kt—Q B 3.

10. B—Kt 2

9. Kt—Q R 4
10. Kt—K B 3

Up to this point Black has played correctly, but this move subjects him to a fierce attack, from which he never escapes. Kt—K 2 is the correct move.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 11. P-K 5 | 11. P x P |
| 12. B-Q R 3 | 12. B-K Kt 5 |
| 13. R-K 1 | 13. B x Kt |
| 14. B-Kt 5 ch. | |

Very prettily played.

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------|
| 15. R x P ch. | 14. P-Q B 3 |
| 16. P x P dble. ch. | 15. K-Q 2 |
| 17. Q x B | 16. K-B 2 |
| | 17. P x P |

If Q-Q 5, 18. R-K 7 ch., K-Kt; 19. P x P, Q x R; 20. P queens and mates.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------|
| 18. R-K 7 ch. | 18. Kt-Q 2 |
| 19. B-R 6 | 19. P-Q B 4 |
| 20. Q-K B 4 ch. | 20. K-Q B 3 |
| 21. Q-R 4 ch. | 21. K-Q B 2 |
| 22. Kt-Q B 3 | 22. K-Q 3 |
| 23. R x Kt ch. and wins. | |

PRIZE COMPETITION.

We award a prize of a guinea every quarter for the best game played at any club either in matches, tournaments, or in the course of ordinary play, with this restriction—that the club membership shall not exceed 200. We hope by this restriction to excite interest in the competition among clubs all over the country. The prize will be awarded to the player sending in the best game—that is, competitors may send in several games and the prize will go to the player who has sent in the best during the quarter. Competitors can therefore send in many or few games, as they see fit, and at any time. The prize will not be a cash payment, but will take the form of books to be selected by the prize-winner.

The name and club of each of the players must in all cases be given with the score of the game.

The prize will be awarded by the Editor of this column, his decision will be final, and no discussion or correspondence on his decision will be permitted.

Games may be sent in at any time by competitors, but not more than one game each week.

[COMPETITION COUPON (N PAGE III.)]

Correspondence

Literature and Science

SIR,—Your contributor's letter has brought out so clearly the irreconcilable difference between literature and science on the subject of moral evil that I trust you will forgive me for troubling you again. "Science," I am told, "regards moral evil as the negation of good." But, as the passages which I have quoted prove, if they prove anything, literature recognises that moral evil is much more than this, that it is a positive power in human nature and human life, of universal range and ceaseless energy, piercing to the roots of the moral nature, that no holiness and purity can blot it out of the consciousness of man, and that the most stringent laws, the whole force of public opinion, and all the restraining power of religion cannot effectually keep it in check. If moral evil is nothing more than the negation of good, why should Paul of Tarsus exclaim "Wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" or Hamlet, "Conscience does make cowards of us all"; or Othello, at the sight of Iago, "I look towards his feet, but that's a fable; if that thou beest a devil, I cannot kill thee"; or Saint-Simon, of the Prince of Condé, "Fils dénaturé, cruel père, mari terrible, maître détestable, pernicieux voisin, sans amitié, sans amis, incapable d'en avoir, uniquement propre à être son bourreau et le fléau des autres"?

The truth is, and here lies the secret of the difference, that in judging of moral evil literature takes man as the starting-point of its teaching, and science takes the Cosmos. It is no wonder, therefore, if the moral depth and the moral earnestness of literature are alien to science, which makes ethics dependent on cosmogony, and regards evil as a vanishing point in an immeasurable universe. With the arch-priests of literature the highest object of man's study and contemplation is the moral nature of man; with the arch-priests of science it is the eternal energy of the Cosmos. Between these antagonistic views there must be war "without truce and without herald."

The end of my friend's letter involuntarily reminded me of Sydney Smith's famous witticism: "My dear friend, that

fellow is capable of anything; I have actually heard him speak disrespectfully of the Equator!" I have no wish to speak disrespectfully of science, but I am forced to make one confession. As long as science is so ignorant of the Cosmos that it cannot even tell me how much of it is visible, or whether a single one of the countless orbs which surround me is the abode of living beings, I unreservedly accept Butler's famous dictum that the universe is "so incomprehensible that a man must, really in the literal sense, know nothing at all who is not sensible of his ignorance in it." I positively decline, therefore, to accept any argument about the good or evil of man's nature which is based upon it; and I unhesitatingly turn from speculations which deal with the unknown and unknowable to the great masters of literature, who have profoundly studied the facts of human life and human nature in their thousand varied aspects, and who "know what is in man."

Pardon the inordinate length of this letter; I can only plead, like the illustrious Frenchman, "Je n'ai fait celle-ci plus longue que parce que je n'ai pas eu le loisir de la faire plus courte."—Yours, &c. A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

"Grammar"

SIR,—In a valuable letter in your May 7 issue (page 531) the writer remarks that "grammar is a necessity," and proceeds to illustrate this fact by putting a verb in the plural after a noun in the singular preceded by *nor*. A communication (page 532) signed by six celebrities affords in its last sentence an instance of incorrect sequence of tenses, in the use of *be* for *were*. Are such solecisms attributable to the common habit nowadays of writing in haste or to the inherent difficulties of the English language?—Yours, &c.

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

"An Infinite Capacity for Taking Pains"

SIR,—The above quotation, which has puzzled your correspondent "Max Judge," is simply an English rendering of Buffon's "Le génie n'est autre chose qu'une grande aptitude à la patience."

In regard to the definition, the above is far from satisfying; few definitions of genius are.

Genius, I take it, is born, and not made; you can therefore no more produce a genius by education than you can convert pebbles into diamonds by patient polishing.

Owen Meredith comes nearer the truth in his "Last Words," published in "Cornhill," vol. II., page 516, where he says:

"Talk not of genius baffled. Genius is master of man.

Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can."

—Yours, &c.

STANLEY HUTTON.

English Classes

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Street's clever article on page 525 of the May 7 issue, I personally think that the question can easily be settled.

The average man considers that it is all a matter of income. People who have about £1,000 per annum may be placed among the upper classes; people with about £500 among the "middle class"; and people with about £200 among the "lower middle classes." The others are unclassified.

Why trouble about subtleties when the business is so simple?—Yours, &c.

P. BEAUFOY.

"What Makes Her"

SIR,—The simplest interpretation of this is surely the very ordinary use of the phrase "What makes her so late?" "What makes you, him, them, so late?" The case is one of ellipse, the sense being "What (cause) makes her (be) so late?" It is an everyday phrase, but the insertion of "in the wood" gives it a strange and rather clumsy aspect.—Yours, &c.,

H. PEARL HUMPHRY.

[Other letters held over for want of space.—Ed.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk.

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-.

Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

NOTICE.

In future one of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer. Contributors to these columns are once more earnestly requested to observe the very simple rules printed at the head hereof. Every week several are disqualified because they put their name and address on their enclosing letter only, and not on each separate question or answer.

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

"WHEN WE HAVE SHUFFLED OFF THIS MORTAL COIL" ("Hamlet" III. i. 67).—The ordinary interpretation of the above is, of course, obvious, and refers to the laying aside of man's mortal body. But there is another explanation, which states that "coil" is nowhere else used in this sense by Shakespeare, but that it is several times employed to signify "scene of strife"; therefore, since the word "shuffling" may very well be taken to describe the ambling movements of an Elizabethan actor, the true meaning of the line is not the laying aside of any mortal garments, but rather the disappearance from the play of life. Is this latter explanation reasonable? Are there any other passages in Shakespeare which deal with a similar idea, and, if so, is the word "coil" to be taken as akin to the French "querelle"?—*E.L.M.*

"THREE CORNERS."—In "King John" (V. vii. 116) the following lines are found:

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Why three corners and not four, as in Milton's "four hinges of the world" ("Paradise Regained" IV. 415)?—*A.T.*

LITERATURE.

AN "HISTORICAL DICTIONARY OF IDEAS."—Mr. Saleeby, in THE ACADEMY of May 7, refers to that most necessary yet unwritten work, an "Historical Dictionary of Ideas." Will some student of philosophical literature say what English book approaches nearest to the great unwritten book referred to?—*W.S. (Glasgow).*

AUTHORS WANTED.—Who were (a) "Clericus," author of "Facts and Fancies of Salmon Fishing" (1874); (b) "Agrestis," author of "Population and the Means of Comfortable Subsistence" (1863); (c) "Imperialist," joint author with L. S. Jameson of "Biography of Cecil Rhodes" (1897); (d) "A Graduate of Cambridge," author of "Light of the West" (1869); (e) "T.E.C.," an English Combatant, author of "Battlefields of the South" (1863); (f) "F.J.," author of "Recreations of a Recluse" (1870)? Who were the authors of "Proverbial Folk-lore" (no date), "How to Write Fiction" (1896), "Manners and Rules of Good Society" (1901), "Our American Cousins" (1887), "Tales and Traditions of Tenby" (1858), "Impudent Impostors and Celebrated Claimants" (no date), "Frank's Rancho" (1886), "Anecdotes of Luther" (1883), "Englishwoman's Love-letters" (1901), and "Elizabeth and her German Garden" (1898)?—*W.J.J. (Bristol).*

THE "BLACKSMITH TARTAR."—Who was the "Blacksmith Tartar," referred to in the first chapter of George Borrow's "Lavengro" as a man of fighting renown? His name appears to be classed with the names of Wellington and Napoleon.—*G. Verney.*

THE OAK-TREE.—In a recent periodical I came across the following: "Change of colour in the leaves of the oak forebodes evil. Evelyn, the great diarist, speaks of it as 'a fatal premonition of coming misfortune during the Civil war.' Where in Evelyn's writings does this phrase occur? And is there any other testimony to the same superstition?—*A.L.G. (Leek).*

MAJOR DUVENT AND ISRAEL LYON.—Heine (Works, Leland's trans. II. 286) says that "when Major Duvent challenged the great Israel Lyon to fight with pistols and said to him, 'If you do not meet me, Mr. Lyon, you are a dog,' the latter replied, 'I would rather be a live dog than a dead lion, and was right.' Who were these persons?—*Harmatopogos.*

HENRY III.—In the "Eikon Basilike" is written: "I had rather live, as my predecessor Henry the Third sometime did, on the Church's alms." As to what period in the life of Henry III. does this refer? And in what history may the account be found?—*A.L.G. (Leek).*

"PLUS JE CONNAIS LES HOMMES, PLUS J'AIME LES CHIENS."—In the March issue of the "Contemporary Review," the Countess Martinegro Cesareco says Madame de Staël is the author of the saying, "The more she knows of men the better she liked dogs." I should like Madame de Staël the better if she did say it, but I cannot find it. Where is it?—*K.M.*

"VEILED QUEEN."—Could any reader tell me who is the publisher of Philip Aylwin's "Veiled Queen," or give me any information which would help me to procure a copy in case it is not now printed?—*Coblynau.*

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.—Could any one give me the real names of the author who writes under the name of "Gabriele d'Annunzio"?—*H. Ince Anderson (York Hotel, Albemarle Street, W.).*

"DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS."—Recent editions have the following fore-words: "A lady of high distinction for wit and beauty, the daughter of an illustrious Irish house, came under the shadow of a calumny. It has latterly been examined and exposed as baseless. The story of 'Diana of the Crossways' is to be read as fiction." Is this prefatory note to be found in the early editions of this novel?—*C. J. Pollard (Chingford).*

"MARBLE AIR."—From Milton's "Paradise Lost," Book III.:

Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars . . .

and in Book xi, speaking of Enoch:

Exploded, and had seized with violent hands. . .

What are the meanings here of "marble" and "exploded"?—*L. M. Durward (Johannesburg).*

GENERAL.

Celebrated Presses.—Has any one done for Robert Etienne the same as Renouard did for Aldus and E. Goldsmid for Elsevira (with others too)? And was not Etienne's name generally spelt "Estienne" in his publications? It certainly is in a folio "Dictionnaire François-Latin" of the year 1539 I have in my library.—*K.M.*

* "HUNTING THE WREN."—What is the origin of the Irish custom of "hunting the wren" on St. Stephen's day (December 26)?—*D.O.M. (Southampton).*

ALLEGED CANONISATION OF BOETHIUS.—Boethius has been publicly honoured as San Severino at Pavia on October 23 from very early times, but I am not aware that he was ever canonised. Dr. Sandys, however, states ("Hist. Classical Scholarship," p. 238) that he was, and that in 1884. Is this true?—*Harmatopogos.*

"SHRED PIE."—The following is quoted from Thos. Tusser:

Beef, mutton, and pork,
Shred pies of the best.

What was a "shred pie," and is there a modern equivalent?—*W. D. Newton.*

HOLMAN HUNT.—In Bell's "Miniature Series of Painters" Mr. G. C. Williamson states among several of this artist's paintings missing the "King of Hearts" is to be counted. He adds it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1863 and "sold in 1872." The year of exhibition is stated correctly, but it was sold long before 1872, because I remember it in my mother's drawing-room long before 1870; but I cannot find out what became of it in subsequent years. Can any of your readers throw any light on it? It was really given to me in 1868 and again in 1873.—*K.M.*

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S BAND.—What sort of music was played by Nebuchadnezzar's band? I mean, of course, its character and composition. I recently asked this question of one of our foremost professors of music, who replied that he did not know.—*Assyria (South Shields).*

* "GREEN GRAVEL."—I have often heard this rhyme sung by children in Dublin, but have never been able to find any origin or meaning. Is it sung anywhere else?—

Green Gravel, Green Gravel,
The grass is so green:
A beautiful lady
As ever was seen.
Green Gravel, Green Gravel,
Your true love is dead;
And he sends you a message
To turn round your head.—*B. (Dublin).*

"PRETTY FANNY'S WAY."—From whom is this quoted? (Lord Rosebery's use of it is something of a *tu quoque*, since Mr. Chamberlain applied it to "C.B." a few months before.)—*J. A. Watson (Edinburgh).*

[See THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE for December 12, 1903.]

"DEUCE."—Lecky, in his "Rationalism in Europe," says in a footnote to p. 26 (Vol. I., 1905 edition): "The Duiil, whose exploits Saint Augustine mentions, were Celtic spirits, and are the origin of our 'Deuce.'" This note, where no doubt whatever is expressed as to the correctness of the derivation, suggested that it would be interesting to know the theory of present-day philological science concerning the matter. Does it agree with Skeat, who gets the word from M.E. *Deus*, and sneers at "lexicographers who tell us about the Duiil"; or with Murray and his contention that it is probably from L.G. *Duus*; or Wedgwood, with his *Thurs*, the name of a Scandinavian demon? Was Lecky's confidence in the "Duiil" theory well placed?—*F. E. Turnbull (Heaton).*

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

INDEFINITE PRONOUNS.—Neither in the Clarendon Press edition (Clark and Wright) nor in the text of Johnson, Stevens and Reed does the personal pronoun have inverted commas. These, besides being meaningless, would make perfect nonsense grammatically. The passage, therefore, properly reads, "Thou canst not say I did it," to which no objection can be taken, since it is grammatically correct. A.H. is mistaken in saying Macbeth and his wife are disputing about the murder; and even if they were, the meaning would be exactly the opposite of what A.H. says it is; for it is quite plain that Macbeth is protesting that he cannot be charged with the murder of Banquo—he was only art and part. Macbeth's declaration is called forth by the accusing attitude of Banquo's ghost sitting in Macbeth's seat and shaking its "gory locks." As regards the other passage, A.H. is mistaken in saying the author means "mine." "Call me thine" is strictly correct. A.H. is confounding the two personalities, and is not allowing for the difference between the first and second personal pronouns. The first is used in direct, the second in indirect, speech.—*A.L.C. (Edinburgh).*

* "A GOOSE-QUILL AND THE ANGEL GABRIEL."—In "Twelfth Night," III. ii. 52, the following lines occur: "Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter." See also "The Deserted Village":

The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose.

The twelve good rules were ascribed to King Charles I., of which the following would apply to support Shakespeare: (3) Pick no quarrels; (6) Make no comparisons; (7) Maintain no ill opinions; (11) Repeat no grievances. The character attributed in the Bible to the angel Gabriel is sufficient index to the origin of the phrase.—*Wm. Asheton Tonge (Dialoy).*

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE.—Garrick was occupied in the summer of 1769 with the arrangements for a jubilee to the memory of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon, "a design which he had long meditated and had much at heart." A rotunda was erected on the banks of the Avon, and on September 7, 1769, the proceedings opened with the celebration of public worship, which was followed by a banquet in the rotunda, after which songs written by Garrick were sung, and Garrick recited his occasional ode. On September 8 a ball was held in the rotunda. A procession through the town was arranged for the following day, in which the principal characters of Shakespeare's plays were to be represented, but a storm of wind and rain rendered the procession impracticable, and, as Murphy quaintly relates, "the jubilee ended abruptly, and the company left the place with precipitation." Garrick thereupon prudently resolved to transfer the scene of the procession to the stage of Drury Lane, where the elements would be under his personal control, and sunshine or storm could be summoned or dismissed at pleasure. Having written a farcical introduction, containing the adventures of visitors to Stratford, he produced "The Jubilee" at Drury Lane in October, 1769, with such success that it was repeated many times during the season. The expression "Garrick's Jubilee" may, according to its context, refer either to the proceedings at Stratford or to the entertainment at Drury Lane.—*George Newall.*

ORIGIN OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.—"Promos and Cassandra" was written by Geo. Whetstone (1578). Hallam says that Shakespeare "found in it not only the main story, of 'Measure for Measure' . . . but several of the minor circumstances." "The Troublesome Raigne of King John, King of England," appeared in 1591, and Shakespeare's "King John" in 1596. The author of the earlier play is unknown, but it was issued more than once as the production of Shakespeare. The "Menæchmi" of Plautus was translated in 1595 "by W. W." Professor Dowden identifies these initials as those of W. Warner. Besides the English version, "The Historie of Error," there was also a ruder form of the story "Jack Juggler." Authorities carefully point out the many characters and incidents in "The Comedy of Errors" which are not found in the "Menæchmi."—*S.C. (Hove).*

ORIGIN OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.—George Whetstone's "Promos and Cassandra," from which Shakespeare took the story of "Measure for Measure," was printed in 1578, the plot being derived from a story which its author, Giraldi Cinthio, treated both in a novel and in a play. The author of "The Troublesome Raigne of King John," which appeared in 1591, is, I believe, unknown, but he was obviously of the school of Marlowe. William Warner's translation of the "Menæchmi" did not appear until 1595. Mr. Churton Collins considers it quite certain that "The Comedy of Errors" was written before the end of 1594, and that Shakespeare probably took his plot from Plautus direct without the aid of a translation. The first scene of his third act is from the same classical author's "Amphitruo," but the introduction of the two Dromios and all the pathos of the play are Shakespeare's own.—*A.R.B. (Malvern).*

LITERATURE.

"THE NEW REPUBLIC."—My copy of "The New Republic" (new edition, 1878) has bound up with it some "Opinions of the Press," and among them a cutting from the "London Magazine," containing a key to the originals of the characters in Mr. W. H. Mallock's book as follows: "Everybody knows 'The New Republic' for a very clever and sufficiently reckless bit of literary caricature; but everybody does not know, I take it, the originals of the famous set of poets, philosophers, critics, and dilettanti that are posed therein for the delectation of all the world and his wife. Here is a list that should enable the veriest Philistine to feel at home in such goodly and aesthetic company: Storks, Professor Husley; Stockton, Professor Tyndall; Herbert, Professor Ruskin; Donald Gordon, Thomas Carlyle; Jenkinson, Professor Jowett; Mr. Luke, Mr. Matthew Arnold; Saunders, Professor Kingdon Clifford; Rose, Mr. Walter H. Pater; Leslie, Mr. Hardinge; Seydon, Dr. Pusey; Lady Grace, Mrs. Mark Pattison; Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Singleton ('Violet Fane')."—*M.A.C.*
[Answer also received from J.D.H.O.]

"MONKS OF ELY."—The story of Canute and the monks of Ely, as told in Gale's "Historia Britannica," is that the king, with his queen Emma and several nobles, was rowing past the minster, and hearing the monks chanting in choir, ordered the rowers to pause awhile that he might listen to the music. The chronicler continues: "Cæteros qui aderant in navibus ad se adventu et secum canere exhortabatur; ipse ore proprio cantilenam his versus Anglice composuit:

Merle sungeu the munecher binner Ely,
Tha Cnut cing rowden by.
Roweth, cniðer, nær the land,
And here we thes munecher sang.

Quod Latine sonat Dulce cantaverunt monachi in Ely, dum Canutus rex navigaret prope ibi. . . . Nunc, milites, navigate propius ad terram, et simul audiamus monachorum harmoniam: et cetera que sequuntur, que usque hodie in choris publice cantantur." It would seem, therefore, that there were originally other verses besides those quoted above, but if so they do not appear to have been recorded. The author of the "Historia Ecclesiæ Eliensis," whence Gale got this story, wrote about 1070, little more than a century after Canute's death.—*C. S. Jerram (Oxford).*
[Answers also received from M.A.C. (Cambridge); C. C. Stopes; and K.M.]

THE "CHRISTIAN YEAR" AND "WATERLOO."—Is not your querist confusing matters? The "Christian Year" was written twelve years after Waterloo. I think "Malta" must be thinking of General Wolfe's remark to his men when rowing up the St. Lawrence and reading Gray's "Elegy," "that he would sooner have written that poem than take Quebec."—*K.M.*

EARLIEST SONNET WRITER.—From "Ellis" it would appear Sir Thomas Wyatt was an earlier writer of sonnets than Lord Surrey, though only by a year or two. I suppose E. only alludes to English poets; otherwise he is out of it by more than a century.—*K.M.*

"TUSH."—This word appears in the Prayer Book version of Psalm x., verses 6 and 12. There is no such word in the Hebrew—e.g. "He hath said in his heart, Tush, God hath forgotten," is, in the original, quite simply *אמר בלבו אל שחב*. How, then, did "Tush" get into this translation?—*T.H. (Ely).*

GENERAL.

"THE CASE IS ALTERED" is the name of what is probably Ben Jonson's second play of 1598-9; 4to, 1609; folio, 1632. The date is fixed within narrow limits by allusions in it to Meres' eulogy of Munday (here "Antonio Balladino") as the "best plotter" ("Palladis Tamia," 1598), and allusions to it in Nash's "Leuten Stuff," 1599, as "that witty play of 'The C. is A.'" The plot is a combination of motives from Plautus' "Aulularia" and "Captivi": a young lord's love for a supposed beggar's daughter (in reality of good lineage) and the recovery, in a supposed

substitute for a prisoner of war, of a long-lost son. Popular in its own day, may not the inn-sign be a record of Ben Jonson's play? The dramatist, no doubt, knew the neighbourhood of Harrow, and in his more famous play, "Bartholomew Fair," two of the characters are Bartholomew Cokes, a foolish young "Esquire of Harrow," and Humphrey Waspe, his man.—*A.R.B. (Malvern).*

"THE CASE IS ALTERED."—The phrase "Circumstances alter cases" is attributed to Haliburton (1796-1865), author of "The Old Judge," &c., although it may be of earlier origin. Can any connection be traced?—*Wm. Asheton Tonge (Disley).*

BARON TAYLOR.—Baron Isidore Justin Séverin Taylor was born in 1789 at Brussels, and died at Paris 1879. He was an artist and author of repute. He is, perhaps, best known by his "Voyages Pittoresques et Romantiques de l'Ancienne France," 1820-1863.—*W.J.G. (Stroud).*

"GOD SAVE THE KING."—The following paragraph appeared in the "Irish Musical Monthly" of January, 1803: "There is ample evidence to sustain the opinion that 'God Save the King' was originally an Irish air. Quite a library has been furnished with the literature on the authorship of the 'National Anthem,' Dr. W. H. Cummings inclining to its having been written by Dr. John Bull, who died at Antwerp in 1628. The present version was first sung in 1740, as adapted by Henry Carey, and is, certainly, a very slight variant of an old Irish air, which has the typical burden of *Ochone, Ochone*. The Irish original was printed by D'Urfey in 1707, but previously it had appeared in Apollo's Banquet in 1669, under the name of 'Ochone.'"—*D.O.M. (Southampton).*

FEINAGLE.—Professor Feinagle of Baden, who in 1812, under the special patronage of the "Blues," delivered a course of lectures at the Royal Institution on Mnemonics.—*Wm. Asheton Tonge (Disley).*

*INGENUOUS RHYMES.—

Mephistopheles
Flung in his face a whole cup of hot coffee-lee.
"Ingoldby Legends."

Mr. Owen Seaman has rhymed "prologue" with "whole hog." Mr. Lehmann's "Laus Remigii" in "Punch" two years ago contained this stanza:

The wrangler hasn't got an use for tangent or hypotenuse:
He doesn't deem it rotten news to hear about the rows:
And gentlemen whose bliss a row of sentences from Cicero
Is found in, wouldn't miss a row for reams of Latin prose.

Mr. Gilbert in the "Pirates" rhymes "strategy" with "sat a gee," Colverley rhymes "turmoil" with "sperm-oil," "Tin-tacks," "syntax," and "flint-axe" would make a fine trio. Mr. Gilbert, in the "Mikado," rhymes "executioner," "ablationer," "diminutioner," and "you shun her." Mr. R. C. Lehmann's "To the Master of Trinity" and Mr. A. A. Sykes' "The Tour that never was," in Mr. Theodore Cook's "Anthology of Humorous Verse," are both full of most ingenious trisyllabic rhymes.—*J. A. Watson (Edinburgh).*

"BULLO COAL."—Can a derivation be substantiated from the Spanish—bullir, "to boil," and bullon, "dye bubbling up in a boiler"? signifying the pleasant and companionable crackling of a fire.—*Wm. Asheton Tonge (Disley).*

"THE OYSTER."—The author of "The Oyster: Where, How, and When to Find, Breed, Cook, and Eat it" is, I believe, Major H. Byng-Hall. A second edition was published in 1863, with a new chapter, "The Oyster-seeker in London," an autograph copy of which the present writer has in her possession.—*M.M.M. (Richmond).*

"SO LONG!"—Lit.: "Thus; for the length of time" (until I see you again), the Spanish and French equivalents being respectively *Hasta la vista* and *Au revoir*.—*Wm. Asheton Tonge (Disley).*

"FAYNETS."—I take this word (used by children in their games) to represent "fen" hits, that is, I fend or forbid hitting (French *défendre*, to forbid). "Fen" keeps, "fen" knucklin's, and similar expressions I have heard used by London boys in playing marbles.—*A. Carlyle Tait.*

COUNTING OUT VERSE.—The Hampshire way of "counting out verses" runs thus:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to heaven:
A penny on the water, twopence on the sea,
One, two, three, out goes she.

In what sense the third line is to be taken I do not know, considering water and sea are much the same thing.—*Nellie Godwin.*

STEVENSON'S EPITAPH.—I am afraid there is something to be said against your correspondent's extremely brilliant and ingenious interpretation of Stevenson's "I lay me down with a will." Had Stevenson been as skilled in law as your correspondent seems to imagine, he would have certainly given his will its legal appellation of "Trust, Disposition, and Settlement." He could have completed his stanza somewhat as follows:

And I lay me down with a Trust
Disposition and Settlement
..... rent
..... spent
..... dust.

"The task of filling up the blanks" would, of course, present no difficulty to a real poet. But Stevenson frequently averred that all the law he ever knew was that stillicide was not a crime nor emphysema a disease. So perhaps the lines should be interpreted in the usual way.—*Jure Peritus.*

STEVENSON'S EPITAPH.—A sufficient answer to the query raised is, I think, supplied by the context:

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig my grave and let me lie:
Glad did I live and gladly die.

The sublime pathos of the epitaph repudiates any such suggestion as that implied by your correspondent, while if any further evidence is needed, the remembrance of the tragedy of Stevenson's life should be convincing.—*Alfred White.*

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been dispatched to the several winners and to the booksellers whose names follow:

Mr. John E. Adams, 49 Oxford Street, Southampton.
Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son, 50 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin.
Messrs. A. W. Brunt & Co., 90 and 92 Mill Street, Macclesfield.
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SHAKESPEARIANA.—A highly important collection formed by the late J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS, Esq., and probably largely used as working material in the compilation of his *OUTLINES OF THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE*.

This very interesting lot includes many items of EXTREME RARITY, which are rendered additionally valuable by the autograph notes and particulars in the hands of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps.

The collection comprises early and rare views, original drawings (many done specially for him), old photographs, cuttings from old and rare books, portraits, old title-pages, maps, &c., illustrating or connected with SHAKESPEARE.

BIRTH-PLACE.—Two most interesting, and NOW SCARCE, early photographs of the birth-place in Henley Street BEFORE THE RESTORATION, showing its appearance with the board over the door; also other prints, some coloured.

NEW PLACE.—Early pen-and-ink sketch before the house was destroyed by Gasrell, evidently contemporary; numerous photos specially taken; rare COLOURED and other views, &c.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—Numerous Views; Sketches, including a MOST CHARMING SEPIA DRAWING by COPLEY FIELDING, A DELIGHTFUL EXAMPLE; rough sketch (Eighteenth Century) from the Mile Hill, &c.

CHURCH.—Many Views, some Coloured by Ackermann, Dighton, &c. THE FONT, &c.

MARKET PLACE.—Sketches and Photos; also of Old Houses, &c., in the town.

LOCAL SCENES. including the Bridge, Clopton House; CHARLECOTE, RARE COLOURED and others; ABINGTON CHURCH [where Shakespeare's Grand-daughter lies buried], Drawings, &c.

VIEWS, PLANS, &c., of — COVENTRY, several, including old Sketch of Ford's Hospital; WARWICK, charming Sepia Drawings executed in 1823 of the Castle, Gateway and Free-School, Hospital of St. John's, Offchurch Bury, near Leamington; ALVESTON CHURCH; Maypole, Welford, &c.; WINDSOR and other Places interesting in connection with the Works, Views, and Drawings: Water-colour Drawing executed for Mr. Phillipps, of ROWINGTON HOUSE [owned by SHAKESPEARE], and several Photos, &c., specially done, and of Church, &c.

PORTRAITS.—Large Collection, various, some proofs, mezzotints, finely-executed pencil sketch of the Bust in its early state as portrayed in *Dugdale's Warwickshire*, &c. Also, many of Friends, Actors, Contemporaries, &c.

JUBILEE AND TERCENTENARY.—Many items.

AUTOGRAPH SUNDRIES, including signatures and seal to a document by EDWARD CLOPTON, who lived at New Place, 1699, and other members of the family; Letters to Edmund Malone; Old Deed, temp. Jac. II., with signature of one of the HATHAWAY Family.

OLD TITLES and other Pages, Cuttings, &c., from Old Books, noted for special interest by Mr. Phillipps—e.g. Plutarch's Lives (1603), Gerard's Herbal (1597), Overthrow of Stage Playes (1599), many from DRYDEN'S Plays with Prologues, &c., Hyll's Gardening, with woodcut thereon (1593), with Mr. Phillipps' note, "Curious Knotted Garden—Love's Labour's Lost," &c., &c.

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